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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PRIVATE AND SELECT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO TWO TRAMPS WHO THOUGHT THEY HAD STRUCK A SECOND DELMONICO'S IN A FEMALE CLUB HOUSE AT ROCKAWAY, L. I.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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We publish this week a final instalment of the names of our registered visitors on the occasion of our reception on bridge opening day. It is a merry company as you can see at a glance, and that they enjoyed themselves goes without the saying.

A RACE which is mooted between the steam yachts of Jay Gould's club promises much fun for the doctors. Such a blowing up of dude matelots as there will be! Whom the gods would destroy they first make amateur sailors. There's a prophetic paraphrase for you.

THE puppies who have been sniffing around the theatres during the winter season skipped to Europe a week or so ago on the scent of a free-and-easy actress just in time to avoid the pound, for the dog catching season has begun, and no one would have redeemed them if caught.

THERE'S going to be a new feature in our summer disorders. The Chinese of New York have taken a fancy for hiring steamers and going on picnics by themselves. The hoodlum looking out for fresh sensations can now while away "the dreary lapse of time" in the dog days by occasional raids on the camping grounds of the pigtalls. We're going to have a lively summer, that's sure.

LILY ANN BUSTLE having skipped and given this country the shake will feel very bad a year hence when she finds that her departure didn't irretrievably burst up the drama, and that others younger and fresher, and equally silly, have replaced her in the affection of the dudes. 'Twas ever thus. Put one of these female mental mendicants on horseback and she rides straight to the devil. That's where Lily Ann has gone. And the devil's going to have as tough a time with her as the managers had.

WE are still receiving letters of regret from distinguished men and friendly journalists all over the country, telling us how sorry they are that they could not make it convenient to be present and enjoy the hospitalities of the POLICE GAZETTE on the opening day of the great bridge. They missed a big thing in our reception and no mistake. It was worth a journey from San Francisco to New York to see the POLICE GAZETTE cut loose and do the grand in the way of hospitality and festivity, as all agree who were present and took part in the merry-making of the famous day that has gone into history with the great sporting journal occupying a whole chapter by itself.

THE other day, in an interview with a reporter, Manager Mutrie, of the Metropolitan baseball club, said, among other things, that there are several players who assume an alias on the ball field to satisfy their very "tony" relatives. It's too bad about these away-up ball-tossers. We remember when the very best names of the very cream of New York families were represented on the ball ground. We've seen Judge Van Cott pitch in a match for the Gothams at Hoboken; and the old Eagle and Knickerbocker clubs, whose grounds were on Elysian Fields, were made up of the best in New York. Who are the later noble families that cannot appear in athletics unless incog. and with aristocratic airs? We did not think the free air and healthful exercise of the diamond field could tolerate or encourage such a fungus as this.

THE number of American generals, colonels, majors and captains who are taking passage for Europe this summer is astonishing. And not a corporal's guard of them ever smelt powder or has the least notion of military rudiments. How silly, the ambition for such titles! We might pardon it in children, but when full-grown men, and graybeards at that, are anxious to parade themselves in the imitation of martial heroes by their designations of honor, it is enough to make sensible people ashamed for weak human nature that is too brazen-faced to have any shame at all.

A SOCIETY has been formed in Brussels whose duty it will be to mummify the dead by a new patent process. One of the inducements to take advantage of the society's facilities is, according to the prospectus, that "one may be enabled to view one's ancestors and thus perpetuate filial piety." We know lots of people, though, who are mummied already, and they're not dead either. They are all around us, and we could name them if we chose to be impolite without provocation. A view of the living mummy specimens we have at hand isn't likely to encourage any kind of piety. Imagine what effect they would have if they were dead! Lord save us! We hope modern science won't add to the horrors of life by preserving our millionnaires, our distinguished moralists, our politicians and our great men generally. The one consolation of life is that they must wear out some time; but if they are going to be perpetuated and made indestructible death is going to lose the only virtue it ever had in the poor man's eyes.

AT the Annapolis academy on graduation day, a couple of weeks ago, the first graduate who stepped up to receive his sheepskin was applauded by his comrades. The barnacled old grampus who was in command at the time put twenty young men under arrest for this demonstration and sent them to a prison on board the frigate Santee, declaring that the youngsters had been guilty of a gross breach of naval discipline. Afterwards it was learned that the orders commanding silence had never been promulgated, and old "Expectorate-to-Wind'ard" had to take water and release the boys. The brutality and tyranny of the old school officers in the Navy is faintly manifested in this arbitrary and ridiculous act. There is something in the sea that encourages boggishness. How often is it the case that a good fellow ashore no sooner gets in command of a ship and out at sea than he becomes either a tyrant or a pig? Many of our gallant sailors live a dog's life under officers of this arrogant type, and some one in authority should take sufficient interest in poor Jack to see to it that he is not abused afloat as well as ashore.

THOSE inconsequent hypocrites, the parsons, are very hard on the last poor woman in the West who slaughtered her innocent babes under the malign influence of religious mania. Who is responsible for this, though, after all, but the parson, with his arguments that original sin taints all flesh? Isn't it a logical sequence that the religious woman aspiring to the maximum of saintliness should shrink from being "a breeder of sinners," or having bred them should take the murder method of plotting them into heaven by a short cut instead of allowing them to live and risk hell and its endless tortures? What a horrid world these religious frauds would make this if they had their way. They would have marriage and giving in marriage as a holy ordinance and yet make its fruits the most unholy without exception and without avoidance. These priests and parsons think the whole universe was devised and is run for their especial benefit, emolument and perpetuation. It is a proof of the growing intelligence of the human race that Holy Joe is getting left on this lay all around. Even the women are deserting him in terror now that they see the maddening effects of too-much religion on their sex.

NOW that the two hundred indignant citizens of Iowa have summarily hanged the Barber brothers, as they deserved, for their crimes, there is a great outcry about the violation of law. This cry comes from two classes—the lawyers and the parsons. And interested classes are they, indeed. The lawyers labor to prolong the lives of such ruffians and to delay the slow course of justice in every way. After they have failed in every plan of evasion and made a big stake, the priest comes in and gives the desperadoes safe conduct over the dark river and assurance of a front seat in heaven. When the public, indignant and suffering, steals a march and sends the villains to hell by a short cut without giving either lawyer or priest a chance to put them on the other road, thus "chousing" the two out of their fees and the chance to spread themselves, of course there is a protest. But let them howl. It is a healthful precedent this summary hanging of murderous wretches of this type, though the law be violated and the lawyers and the parsons get left once in a while.

THE Chinese are waking up to ambitious deeds of military prowess. Gen. Tso, of the Celestial army, has signalized his campaigns by a novel feature to begin with. His army, as it advanced over a route carefully selected, acted as farmers, sowing the fields with grain, that they might have food behind them, and in case of retreat plenty of provender at their hands. This means of dispensing with ponderous commissary trains lays away over the methods of the conceited "foreign devils." How it would work in case of a flank movement and a change of front, however, the astute Chinese tactician does not seem to have taken into account at all. Perhaps the French may give him a lesson in this military manoeuvre of the "outside barbarians."

A SUNDAY school superintendent in Lee, Mass., has been caught recently in a trick that is quite worthy of the hypocritical breed of psalm-singing puppies who snarl at the POLICE GAZETTE and deliberately misrepresent its moral tone and intellectual calibre. He kept a newspaper and music store, and was in the habit of inviting ladies behind his counter to examine music. He had the floor furnished with strong reflectors, that enabled him to make a minute inspection of his visitors' undergarments and physical perfections or otherwise. After all the sisters of his church (the Baptist) and half the young ladies of the other churches in town had undergone this ordeal, he was found out and fired from the fold of the faithful by unanimous desire of all the women who didn't pan out well. Oh, they're a nice set, these religious people! And yet they have the cheek to condemn the POLICE GAZETTE and its manly athletic champions. He who was guilty of this was a Sunday school superintendent. When was a prize fighter ever accused of anything so vile, so sneaking, so disgraceful or so unmanly? We prefer the prize fighters for company in preference to all the sneaking, spying, peeping Toms of the churches.

GEN. SHERMAN is in arms over the perfidy of Maj. Nickerson, and all the equally moral Army officers want him court-martialled and fired out of the army. Indeed! How good they are, these martinets! And why? It seems that the major's wife went to Europe to educate her daughter, and after she had been away two years Nickerson got a divorce from her in a Philadelphia court on the false allegation that she had abandoned him, and then married a woman who was content to stay at home. This may not have been exactly square, but then the woman should come in for some part of the blame. What does a man marry a woman for—to pay to have her live at his expense three thousand miles away? Not much, we opine. And what kind of people are these who must take American children over the water to get European educations? A parvenu woman of this sort deserves all the unhappiness that ensues. The mothers of America should train their children to be good American citizens. We have no sympathy for such un-American women as Mrs. Nickerson, and think if the major's fellow officers are not hypocrites they will stand by him. We should like to ask Gen. Sherman if he considers it the square thing that the major should live apart from his wife for two years and abandon female society altogether because she wanted to educate her child to be an European instead of an American? Imagine yourself twenty years younger and put yourself in his place, General.

AS WILL be seen on our pictorial and news pages, the seducer and murderer, N. L. Dukes, of Uniontown, Pa., whose villainous deeds have heretofore afforded our artists and correspondents opportunity for the exercise of their talents, was slain in cold blood on June 13 by the young brother of the seduced girl, who thus avenged the murder of his father and the dishonor of his relative. We have no sympathy for the murdered man or his friends. Dukes was a dog—a creature devoid of manly instincts, perfectly callous to the prickings of conscience and deaf to the promptings of honor. After ruining a family and murdering its head he remained to taunt and sneer at the survivors. He deserved his fate, and the boy, James Nutt, deserves the commendation of all who are not gagged by the hypocrisy of the time. He is a man already, despite his years, and of the true heroic breed. This is not lawyers' and parsons' logic, we know; but it is human nature which is often a better and more honorable prompter than a legal mind. Dukes, the seducer and murderer, was acquitted. Now, what are the legal minds going to do with James Nutt, the avenger? What can they do, and yet be logical? Set him free and give him an ovation for having extirpated a breed of human vermin. That's our view of the case in the light of all the preceding facts and legal steps, and we think that logically our position is the strongest possible.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

A YANKEE editor, observing that the "census embraces seventeen million women," asks: "Who wouldn't be a census?"

When a man asks, "Is this hot enough for you?" it is not necessary that you should reply either yes or no. Merely shoot and pass on.

POPE LEO XIII. has an annual income of \$1,500,000, but spends only 50 cents a day for food. He is saving up so that he can visit Niagara Falls next summer.

AND now does the lovely small boy grow almost green with rage when he sees thousands of white high hats being worn and no snowballs to hit them with.

GEN. SHERMAN is said to claim that he has kissed 90 per cent of all the pretty girls in the country. Should another war break out it will be easy enough to get volunteers.

THE Iowa cyclones are useful, after all. The other day a carpet hung in the back yard by a designing woman was blown 15 miles. We congratulate the man of the house on his easy escape.

A YOUNG lady who was inattentive at whist has broken off her engagement with her lover because he recommended her to "scoop her mind up in a peanut shell and fix it on the game."

"MR. ISAACS, can you tell me where was the first diamond?" "No, Mr. Yawcobs; where was it?" "Vy, Noah's son on der ark; he was a Shem of der fast vater."

WHAT maid is there, however fair,
Who would a lover hit,
Could he as spouse bring her a house
Like this that Vander blit?

"WHAT lovely hair she has. I suppose it is her own?" "Oh! yes, of course it is. No doubt if you ask she will prove it, for she told me only a few days ago that she was careful to keep all her receipts."

PROFESSOR, to a young lady student—Your mark is very low and you have only just passed. Young lady—Oh, I am so glad. Professor, surprised—Why? Young lady—I do so love a tight squeeze.

"YES," said the country telegraph operator, "some people don't seem to have any sense. A despatch arrived last week for a man around the corner, and the darned fool hasn't come for it yet."

A YOUNG lover in Iowa paid \$40 for a locomotive to run him 35 miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bulldog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent. Corporations have no souls.

THEY were lovers and had quarrelled. "If you say two words to me I'll scream," she indignantly uttered. One moment later he had her trembling in his arms. He said two words, and those two words were "Ice cream."

HUNDREDS of pianos in Boston are tuned by graduates of an institution for the blind, and their work is said to be perfect. A great many pianos which we have heard in this part of the country seem to have been tuned by graduates of an institution for the deaf and dumb.

AN old photographer says that as a rule "polished society people and country gawks are equally awkward when sitting for a photograph." Shouldn't wonder. The sight of those instruments of torture back of the chair is enough to knock either native or acquired grace out of any one.

AN old colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga., was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "an' it's when a boy gits a whippin' for gcin' to a ball!"

"JUST now I am pouring over history and political economy," wrote a college senior to his parents. It was true. The glass stood conspicuously upon the top of a couple of text books, and the studious young man thrust his pen behind his ear, and reached across the table for the bottle.

"DID you love her devotedly—as devotedly as you say you did?" "I never loved any other girl half so much as I loved her." "Why did you break off your engagement, then?" "Because all the chairs and sofas in the parlor were covered with tidies, and she was too stuck up to sit on the floor."

CUSTOMER (to grocer): "How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Twenty-five cents," replied the grocer. "Why, how's that? Jones sells them at 20 cents." "Und vy don't you py ov Jones, denn?" "Because he hasn't got any this morning." "Vell, I vill sell dem for twenty cents, too, venn I don't got any."

I SHOULD like to help you," said the fashionable clergyman impatiently, "I should like to help all who appeal to me for alms, but the truth is that we are about putting a new spire on our church, and I can't afford it." Saying, which, he took his seat, slammed the door of the coupe, and the vehicle was driven off.

"Do you ever have a sort of lassitudinal feeling just after dinner, a kind of creeping tiredness all over, and a desire to sit down and rest for a year or two?" asked the man on the soap box. "Well, yes," said the man on the mackerel barrel. "Only the feeling comes over me earlier in the day. It strikes me just after breakfast."

LADIES' handkerchiefs are embroidered with mottoes suitable for the mood of the day, such as: "I am cross, don't speak to me;" "What a lovely day!" "I don't care for company," etc. The men will follow suit with such emblems as these: "I will pay you next week;" "Don't care if I do;" "Damfino;" "Lend me a quarter;" "See you later," etc.

"I WISH I had a drink," remarked Mrs. Fogg. "but I don't like to go to the fountain, there are so many men there." "You've just as good a right there as they have," said Fogg; "don't you see the motto, 'For man and beast?' Come along." "Oh! it is very well for you to say, 'come along,'" replied Mrs. F., "but you know I'm not a man."

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Hegira of the Dramatic and Lyric "Queers" Across the Water.

How the Soiled Doves of the Stage Persecute those who Refuse to be Spotted Likewise.

THE beer about the Square this season is about on a level of badness with the quality of talent loafing around on the sidewalk. The brewers have been trying for a long time, but at last they have hit it—they've got a theatrical brew representing the deteriorated quality of the "perfesh."

THE Grand opera house appropriately closed on June 16, with the concentrated stench of a two week's carnival of "genuine negro minstrels," managed by the Frohman family. All the summer will not suffice to fumigate the place, which already had the bad flavor of Billy the Ghoul about it.

WHAT a good riddance! All the tough women of the variety stage seem to be pointing for England. And the dudes are following them. It makes us almost religious to think of this Providential turn of the tide in the dramatic sewer toward our neighbor's dwelling. Let us give thanks for these merces.

DAILY during the last part of the season sunk out of sight altogether. He is no longer an important factor in the dramatic problem, but Old Silvestri floats on the surface over the spot where the precious son-in-law sank. On the pretence that he is making engagements for next season, that precious old globule of iniquity keeps his office trap open, and the goings on are of the kind the papers call "unfit for publication."

A NIGGER prince of Hayti, who for some weeks haunted a New York theatre at the head of the dudes, casting flowers and jewels at the big feet of a silly woman with a baby face who pretended to sing and act, has got left. She skipped with a little Jew fiddler and piano wangler, but the nigger and the dudes have gone in pursuit. Dirty dogs! The pups go sniffing along on the scent in a way that is very degrading to humanity and disgusting to the sight of respectable people. We are glad they are gone. It's a good riddance to the stage and to New York. This spectacle of canine coquetry is not calculated to elevate the profession in public esteem.

THE force of persistent cheek is exemplified very decisively in the fortune of Ada Gray. She retires for the summer to a magnificent new country residence, while struggling and worthy artists who haven't her luck and pertinacity in sticking before the public as a star and twinkling through storms and torrents without being in the least put out, are passing the warm months of the summer vacation in fourth story back rooms of stuffy boarding houses. But there's nothing succeeds like success, and we must acknowledge Ada is a success in dollars, although we do not like her for a cent as an actress. Perhaps though it is we who are away off, since the public so far differs from our judgment as to pour a fortune in the lap of the actress. That may be it, and we are honest enough to acknowledge the possibility that somebody knows something beside ourselves.

THE French gamblers haven't left hide nor hair—not even slightest vestige—of the once chipper, gay and airy Willie Deutsch. We miss him from the theatre aisles and from the places of professional resort. The daisies and the bouffers and the fakes who used to worship and think him a person quite as important as his own high estimate of himself, miss him, too. One month he flashes before the theatre people jingling a quarter of a million in his pockets and boasting that although the fakes skinned him when he tried to figure as a manager, he found in France people whom he could skin in turn, though he had to resort to baccarat to do it; the next month he gets skinned again by the same Frenchmen, and goes off and buries himself. Awful, isn't it, for poor Willie? But how nice for the public, who used to remark his airs as he strutted down the theatre aisles and who used to wonder why the management allowed that obnoxious person to conduct himself so.

THE raid of Queer American talent on London has assumed the proportions of a grand army operation—of the grand army of sin. Edwin Booth was only a lure to the wretched Europeans. They received him, found him good and threw open their doors in the hope that more of the same sort would drift in. Drift! Lord! but they rushed. They went over in swarms, and now poor Europe finds herself elbowed, stifled and nauseated by hordes of unknown species and abnormal "gall." Among the "great American artists" who made the first dash to get their fine work in was Alice Dunning Liddell. She tackled the cockneys with "Camille" first, and paralyzed them so badly that they couldn't even find breath to protest. Then she induced poor old played out Wilkie Collins to come to the front and risk his well earned literary reputation by faking a play called "Rank and Riches," in which Alice did the icicle statuesque business in her boldest style. The public had by this time recovered from its first shock and tumbled to the artistic situation. The first night the audience laughed at all the sentiment and gaped every one in the place, even to Alice herself. This settled it, and "the great American artist" (who had originally been a London ballet girl by the way), has come back to this land of dudes and suckers on her beautiful little pink ear.

THERE is one person who has fastened on the show business with great profit to himself and no appreciable advantage to the "perfesh." We allude to that hanky-panky person of the careful Mephistophelian "make up," who is known as "the great Herrmann." This juggler has been boosting himself up toward the top of the tree by a series of very artful games, albeit ill-flavored ones occasionally. He has made the most outrageous use of the press to call attention to him and his wretched "fakement." In summer he haunts the beer saloons where he waylays stray and green reporters and gives them specimens of his skill in juggling silver coin and beer glasses. These professional displays are written up and published in various forms of mendacious exaggeration. He pauses at nothing that will give him a little notoriety, and the result is that, with a cheap company of variety people he is enabled to tour the country in the season,

taking his week at the best theatres, on an equality with the most intelligent dramatic troupe, and claiming his sixty per cent of the gross with an impudence based on the lies he has induced the indigent Bohemians of Union square to print about him. It is about time this hanky-panky chap were seen through and sat upon. Suppose, boys, we all unite and do the sedentary act—just to purify the atmosphere of the "show biz," you know.

THERE is an utility man in Tom Keene's company who always watches the stage business of *Polonius* from the side scenes with a melancholy air and tearful eye. In Baltimore one night he was approached by a lady of the company who was determined to satisfy her curiosity.

"Why do you study the stage business of the old men?" she asked, challengingly. "Do you intend to strike out in that line of biz?"

"No," said he; "I do not. I'm only contemplating what we must all come to. The first time I ever went to a theatre I saw that actor playing the leading business, all the young heroes and lovers, and all the rest of the stage people standing out of the way for him. Now I see him going through the scenes of a funny old man, and everybody cutting into his stage business to give themselves a show. I can't help feeling bad when I look at this and think that, struggle as we may for fame, to this end must we come in the regular order of things in this profession."

This application was cheeky on the part of the concealed utility "ham" probably, but it was true in the abstract. There is no terror so great to the leading man as the prospect of a change into the lines of old man business, and he will kick against it to the very last. That an actor will consent to fill that line is a sure sign of his decadence, or at least it is so considered among his fellows, and that settles it.

WICKEDNESS has the bulge on the stage, and no mistake. There is a class of beer-drinking, cigarette-smoking young women on the stage who will tolerate nothing like decency in the new recruits to the profession. They have allies in the managers and certain disreputable writers for the press. They succeed in making life pretty miserable for the few decent ones who attempt to struggle through the dirty paths to dramatic fame and yet preserve their cleanliness. You remember, for instance, two years ago when Adelaide Detchon was a member of a stock company in a city theatre. She held her head high. One day after rehearsal she was inveigled into a party of women of the theatre who were going to lunch in a beer saloon. There were young men in the party of course. Miss Detchon declined to drink the beer ordered, saying truthfully that she had never tasted beer in her life, and spirituous liquors or wines she never indulged in. They gaped and coaxed her in vain. Then they got mad, and the mean spirited mob of bad women and worse men actually had printed the ridiculous story that when she was asked to take a glass of beer Miss Detchon assumed an air of innocence and asked: "Beer?—beer? What is beer?" This story has been copied all over the country, and the victim, after being made miserable in the profession, was obliged to leave the stock company and find an engagement elsewhere, to the great delight of the crooked beer swigging daisies of the stage. This is only one case. There are a hundred that might be cited to prove that decency and society in women are their heaviest handicaps on the New York stage.

WHAT asses as well as hypocrites the good Lord allows to climb to the top and become dramatic managers. How in heaven's name two-thirds of these densely ignorant creatures ever raised themselves above the level of hotel porters or baggage smashers is a wonder the contemplation of which leaves us in wrapt amazement at the gall of idiots and awe at the goodness and forbearance of Providence. If the parsons want an argument to break down Darwin's wicked heretical theory "the survival of the fittest," let them take up the theatrical manager of the period, who in his own person and history will prove incontrovertibly that in the dramatic world the rule is "the survival of the unfittest." The managers' arrangements for next season prove them lacking in ordinary common sense. They are worse this year than ever, though we thought that last season they had attained the very top notch of stupid inflation. Here's just one instance, though we might quote a thousand: During two or three seasons past it has been demonstrated that New York is big enough to stand the same play by the same company at houses in different sections of the city. This having been demonstrated with profit, all the managers of traveling shows are going to do the metropolis to death. They have made preparations to put in a couple of months at least in the city, making one, sometimes two-week stands at each of the following theatres in succession: The Windsor, Niblo's, Grand opera house, McKee Rankin's in Third avenue, the Brooklyn and Williamsburg theatres. The fools imagine they can save travelling expenses and keep right on for two or four months and go no farther than a trip on the elevated road or across the Brooklyn bridge. New York will stand a great deal, but it will not put up with that. The hamfatters will have to wait until Gotham grows a little more before they can put such a load as this on its shoulders with profit.

Oh, what a mean, hypocritical set they are, these alleged theatrical managers! How ignorant! How low! How wolfish! How cruelly inclined to prey even on the vile carcasses of each other when they are successively stricken down by misfortune! There's Sammy of the Entrails, for instance! And an ex-country barkeeper. They've found that wretched wreck, Haverly, trying to recuperate after the Jew buzzards scraped his bones and pounced on the skeleton, determined to realize on the bones lest they grow flesh again and the new body of the colonel arise to claim its own. Sammy alleges that he loaned Colonel Jack \$13,000—which the Jews, of course, got out of him—and has seized the lease of the Fourteenth Street theatre. Then up comes Shook and levies on what is left for \$5,000 he says is owing to him; and a lot of small fry, including McConnell, manager of the Colonel's Brooklyn theatre, grab for the rest. Faugh! Our gorge rises at the sight of these wretches and their struggle over the carrion. Dirty birds! Not one of them but was a toady to Haverly in his palmy day. They all made money out of him. Shook was glad enough to get the venturesome Colonel to deposit \$17,000 in advance for the use of the Union Square company for a summer season in Chicago, when he couldn't use them at all. And Gilmore, tottering in his management of Niblo's, was delighted when Haverly agreed to give him his name to bolster the fortunes of the big barn. And Sammy, of the Entrails. It is only six years ago that he went all to pieces in an

attempt to play Lydia Thompson and her burlesque troupe on the American public once more. We remember how he came down from his high horse and whined and groaned and begged and prayed. Everybody pitied him. Everybody gave him a chance. And he has gone back on everybody since. No sooner had Haverly, of Chicago, and Spaulding, of St. Louis, given him a hand and a boost, than he mounted his high horse again and became more arrogant than ever. Haverly could have set his foot on the neck of poor old Entrails when he was struggling up with his prima donna, but he good-naturedly did the other thing, and this is his reward. Phew! they're a dirty set, this gang that trains with Sammy. They'll pick the poor Colonel's bones clean, there can be no doubt of that.

THE actors who have managed to get their full salaries this season without rebate are whooping things up pretty lively in Union square in celebration of the unusual luck that has befallen them. They are very funny, too—full of open air antics, practical jokes and horse play. Funny boys are they when they jingle a spare dollar or two in their pockets—very fresh chaps, indeed—and some of them should be cured of their facetiousness with a club. The palace beer saloons have been transformed into veritable hells by these antic members of the "perfesh." These places are the resorts of sly, crooked people, and there has been heretofore a certain restraint of decorum about them. Even the loose actress who slipped in there with her satchel in hand and her make-up still on her face, took a demure air and assumed a virtue if she had it not; but when the season closed and the fakes came in with all their savings, restraint was thrown to the winds and the devil's own orgies began, and promise to continue throughout the summer if the hamfatters' boodles hold out so long. Some of the funny tricks that these people—men and women—play are nothing less than disgusting. If these actresses think they can command the respect of the rest of the world and yet violate all the canons of decency and womanly modesty, they are mistaken. Their doings in the beer saloons and on the sidewalks of the square this summer are likely to be quoted against them for the whole of next season. There was a time when the sidewalks of the square were given up on the days of the summer vacation to the male fakes alone, but when the Dutch brewers began to build palace beer saloons in the vicinity as resorts for ladies old shopping, then the "fresh" actress took advantage of the accommodations and began to thump the tables with her empty beer glass and to parade the square and lounge about the sidewalks half shot with the alcohol-loaded beverage furnished to the "perfesh" by the remorseless Dutchmen who keep the palatial dives. It is disgusting, the spectacle presented by these people—male and female. We can see no wit nor fun in their coarse antics, and no sober person can. If they had true pride in their profession, these women and men would shrink from making such a holy show of themselves. It is a shame that these beery-funny people should brand and disgrace the respectable minority of stage people by their disgusting open-air clowning and the still-drunkenness of too much beer. If this is the result of getting full salaries for one season, the prayer of all the respectable people of the profession will doubtless be that they may be swindled as usual next year, since they are manifestly so undeserving of success.

AFTER living on his feeble wits for a time in this country, that Sheeny pretender Solomons, managed to pick up a handsome featured but absolutely brainless variety woman and with her slipped back to London, to make her work for him. This ill-flavored little Jew has been living on the American public for nearly a year on the pretence that he was a composer of music of the calibre of Arthur Sullivan. The latter is a gentleman as well as a person of talent, and when the little Jew attempted to force himself into his company, the irascible but also genteel W. S. Gilbert threatened to throw him out of doors with a boot application. This ended the acquaintance. With iron gall, though, the little Hebrew sneaked over the water after them and tried to foist on the American public several of his alleged operas—trash like "Billie Taylor" and "Virginia," in which there is not, absolutely a single original bar of music, the whole being mere transposition and disguise of old and half-forgotten airs. This noisome little emanation of the London sewers fastened himself on the American stage without any difficulty and made money by it. His every act has been one to degrade and disgrace that profession. He has violated faith with the women he has called his wives or consorts, flown in the face of all respectability, and finally skipped with a boodle and a silly beauty (a beauty from the shoulders up—reverse from the bust down, if tight and shape dresses can be relied on for revelations), and left a shocking flavor behind, which the American will try in vain to shake out of its garments. The public that was so ignorant that it could be imposed upon by the alleged talents of a Jew in every way so despicable is just fool enough to argue that his sin, his lack of manly honor, his faithlessness and his humbug pretences of artistic worth are characteristic of the American lyric stage and of the profession generally. This is how the drama gets a bad name. And you will remark the cowardice of the press in this matter. They make no difference between their treatment of the Sheeny Solomons and their silly nymphomaniac serio-comics and of the honorable gentlemen and ladies who suffer and starve in their attempts to secure a fair footing in the profession. There hasn't been an English actor, man or woman, who has come over here for five years without befouling our dramatic nest, and they have all at the last moment fled with a rich boodle to spend in Europe, avoiding the stench they created—leaving our dramatic art stifling in the filthy odors they have created. Isn't it about time this style of thing was stopped? Is there no paper except the POLICE GAZETTE brave enough to come out and brand these people—to expose their filthy tricks at the start and keep the atmosphere of the drama free from floating filth at least? We fear not. The power of free tickets is too great.

THE struggle of the managers for free advertising is beginning early this year. Maurice Grau is already in the field. He has had his voiceless *prima donna*, the dainty and piquante little Theo, interviewed by the *Gaulois* newspaper of Paris, with the design of having the interview translated into choice English for the American papers. She gave out several hints to the French reporter that will result in driving fully one-third of the "crooked" actresses of Paris and elsewhere to our shores. The reporter was in no way backward in coming forward with his most spicy ques-

tions. He had the consummate gall to ask Theo if the Americans were *palant*—if they were persistent in their solicitations of extreme favors from actresses of her beauty. She, in nowise offended, answered that they were—that Americans went for her red-hot and bald-headed, but that she found "it was either yes or no with them. There were no *marivandages*." She meant that when she gave a fellow the shake he dropped to himself more promptly and gracefully than a Frenchman would. She went farther, and told the reporter that she had encountered overwhelming floral tributes, but occasionally bouquets of bank notes. This, we think, is a little too steep, for we know the Franco-American crowd of artists and photographers who clung to little Theo while she was here had no bank notes to spare for such a purpose. Theo can "draw the long bow" in Paris, but the long beau she drew here was invariably *short*. And to finish, she said her greatest success in America was "La Palomita," a very warm song which she frequently describes as "about a dove that is very, very, very loving with its mate," but a full description of how loving, or of the methods of that love, she shrank from giving, saying, "but the rest can only be told in Spanish." Imagine any love details and processes so delicate that they can't be told in French, and so awful that a Parisian actress takes refuge in Spanish when she has to deal with them. Phew! Theo takes the cake, and has started the campaign with a first class advertisement. Now that this has all been translated, and people all over the country are learning that Theo sings songs that are so dreadfully bad that they can't be explained in Paris and in French, there's going to be a veritable sensation. She will return next season as one of Grau's principal artistes—hence the interviewing and the piquant suggestions thereof. It's all in her contract. She probably studies her interviews as she would a new part. What a beastly lot of humbug there is in this dramatic and operatic business, anyhow, Grau having set the fashion, however, we have no doubt the other managers will follow suit and have their stars interviewed, and actors will even go to Paris to get a piquant interview printed for American use. America has all along been able to furnish its own guff, but now the refinement of the dramatic age has attained a pitch that makes an imported article of "taffy" necessary, and managers and actors are going to France for it.

It is astounding, the stupidity of the press generally, in dealing with the managers of that illegitimate opera in English which gives openings to all the low creatures who in the old times five or six years ago had no place to display their "talents" (?) but in the variety theatre. The variety dive has given place now to the comic opera house, and the slangy serio-comic has become the smutty and leering *prima donna*, making her market with the bloods openly across the footlights, and brazenly parading her impudic charms in the face of the respectable public. The papers once declined to consider the variety hams, male and female, worthy of consideration or criticism as artists. Now, though, since they have got rich men to back them and surrounded themselves with magnificence and show of scenic consecutiveness, they get as much consideration as the best dramatic artists. There is no real change, nevertheless. The variety hall has simply changed its name and put in some new furniture, and the serio-comic and the hamfatter are the same old persons in new clothes, and the thinnest disguise of new parts. This entire English comic opera business is disreputable—worse than anything in the variety line that disgraced Broadway in the wild and immoral times of the rebellion. The managers and agents of this precious, nasty sort of art have no compunctions in introducing their friends, and their friends' friends from afar to the girls of their troupes with improper intent, and these introductions are counted in the girls' salaries. The newspaper writers know all these things as well as we do. Why do they keep on encouraging them? Because the young men who consider these comic opera houses their amorous preserves are rich—is that the reason? Can money buy respectability for a vile form of drama, or make the soiled dove white? Is this the argument of the dramatic critic on the "pure" press? If it is, it is too thin. They are all at this moment advertising a fickle, brainless ballad singer, who ran away from her engagements, with another woman's husband. Every word they print about her they know is an advertisement such as a poor, respectable talented girl on the stage could not get; yet these truly good papers, these moral journalists, deliberately labor to glorify immorality and to make it prominent, prosperous and triumphant over virtue. Why should all the press maintaining its claims to high respectability wink at the frightful lechery of these melodic temples of vice? Why not brand their vile women and the nasty men, their doglike followers, with the opprobrium they deserve? Why keep up before the public in the papers the lying pretence that the comic opera of the period is intended for any nobler purpose than that of displaying more or less naked women for the delectation of spendthrift rakes with more money than brains? Do the moral papers lack the courage, or are their critics under obligations for favors, amatory or monetary? What gags them? It is about time they set themselves right or acknowledge the corn. We have the whole moral mob on the hip this time.

BLACKMAILING A CHILD.

A Precious Mother and Son Force a Little Girl to Rob Her Father.

Before Justice White in the Tombs Police Court, New York, June 4, Sergeant Detectives Dolan and Heidelberg, of the Central Office, arraigned Sarah Barnett, aged 50, and Morris Barnett, 18 years of age, mother and son, charged with larceny. From the statement made by the detectives it appears that the prisoners, prior to April 30, resided at No. 58 Baxter street, and that for the past two years they have, by means of threats, been obtaining sums of money from Yelte Cohen, aged 11 years, of No. 124 Walker street, where the latter's father is in the clothing business. It is asserted that the lad first induced the girl to steal \$10 from her father about two years ago and took her to a theatre. Since then and up to the date mentioned, when the child confessed her peculations, as alleged, the prisoners have been obtaining sums of money averaging, it is thought, \$15 a week, threatening that if she refused to comply they would inform her parents of her previous thefts, and that she would be sent to the House of Refuge. The accused were arrested on Saturday, June 2, by the detectives, who found them on the steamer *Antelope* about to depart for Savannah.

A Mystery of the Dark Waters.



NICHOLAS LYMAN DUKES,
WHO MURDERED CAPTAIN A. C. NUTT, AT
UNIONTOWN, PA., DEC. 24, 1882.

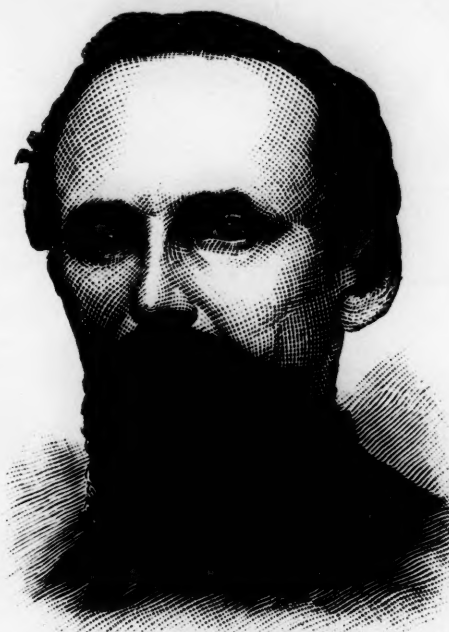
Among the terrible mysteries of the metropolis none is so awful as the occasional giving up of the murdered victims of lust or cupidity by the flowing rivers. It is rare that any clew is left by which the corpse of the victim can be recognized or the murderer traced. These cases have become so common that they are deemed worthy of only a passing notice in the papers, and are soon forgotten. An especially startling case, however, occurred on the evening of June 2, which may occasion a careful inquiry and possibly lead to some important revelations. When the tide was setting in strongly at 7 o'clock on that evening, it cast upon the East River shore at



JAMES NUTT,
WHO AVENGED HIS FATHER'S DEATH BY KILLING
N. L. DUKES AT UNIONTOWN, PA.; JUNE 13, 1883.

He Took a Tumble.

A workman on the New Campan building, at Wyandotte, Mich., named James Fitzgerald, had a most miraculous escape the other day. He was at work painting the cornice at the roof, over 90 feet from the ground, when his ladder slipped and down he came. He fell about 40 feet when he struck three telegraph wires, breaking his fall somewhat, and also breaking through the wires and falling about 20 feet more struck a large cable telephone wire which held him. He grabbed it and hung there until with poles and ladders the men managed to reach him and get him down, when he shook himself together and started up to work again.

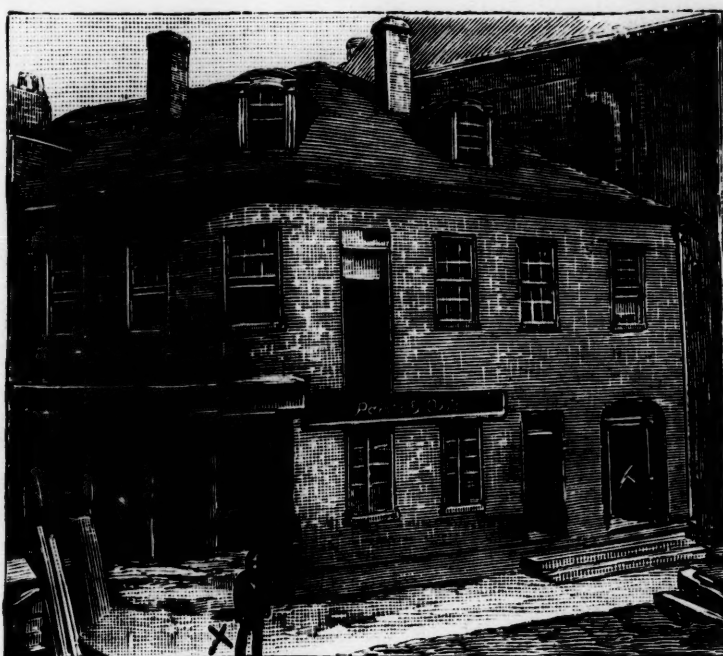


CAPTAIN A. C. NUTT,
CASHIER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE TREASURY,
SLAIN BY N. L. DUKES, AT UNIONTOWN, PA.

the foot of Market street, New York, the body of a dead boy hardly over 14 years old. It lay eddying on the slow waves at the dock a little while before it attracted attention. Then a crowd gathered, and Cornelius Clors, of No. 242 Cherry street, reached down and slipped a rope under the arms of the body and tethered it until a policeman came. Officer Thompson responded to the call, and a despatch was sent to the morgue for the dead wagon. Awaiting its arrival, the crowd sat on the dock and watched the corpse. The face and clothes could be plainly seen, but no one knew the lad or had ever seen him before. He was of ordinary height for his age, hatless, and wore black knee trousers, a white shirt and button shoes. He had on no jacket. The features and hair were dark.

When the dead wagon came and the dead body was lifted out of the water and put in the rude pine coffin it brought, a startling discovery was made. His ankles were seen to be tied together with a narrow, but stout Manila cord, that was firmly knotted. The cord was wrapped about once, but tightly enough to prevent the lad from moving his legs, if he were alive when it was done.

While the policemen were examining the cord with increasing attention, a shout from a bystander announced a further discovery. The hands were free, but from one wrist hung yet the pieces of a similar noose, that had been cut or loosened in the water. One eye was bruised, as if by a blow. The body had perhaps been in the water ten or twelve days. The case was plainly one of "murder most foul."



SCENE OF THE UNIONTOWN TRAGEDY,
SHOWING THE EXACT LOCALITY WHERE YOUNG NUTT SHOT DUKES.

Scene of the Uniontown Tragedy.

We present on this page an exact view of the scene of the recent sensational shooting at Uniontown, Pa., from a photograph taken expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE. The crosses designate the spots where the shooting began and ended. The marked place between the upright pillars in the portion of the building undergoing alteration, is where young Nutt stood when he first saw Dukes. Where the man is standing on the corner is where Dukes received the first shot, and the cross in the doorway is where Dukes fell dead.

Edward Hovey.

Edward Hovey, who murdered his sister-in-law, Mrs. Fannie Vermilye, on April 26, 1882, will, in all probability be the next victim of the gallows at the New York Tombs. His was the first murder case tried under the new Code. He was tried in the General Sessions in May, 1882, convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be executed on November 17 of the same year. Mr. Kintzing, who was assigned by the Court to defend him, filed a notice of appeal in the Supreme Court under the clause in the new Code which says that both of the appellate courts may review the evidence and order a new trial if the verdict of the jury is deemed unjustifiable by the testimony taken. The filing of such notice operated as a stay of proceedings. The Supreme Court decided against Hovey, and the case was then taken to the Court of Appeals, which has also rendered an adverse decision.



EATEN BY BEARS.

THE HORRIBLE FATE OF A LITTLE TURKISH GIRL TRAVELLING WITH A SIDE SHOW
AT LANCASTER, N. C.



A GALLANT RESCUE.

OFFICER JOHN BUCHANAN OF THE BROOKLYN POLICE FORCE SAVING THE LIVES OF
TWO DROWNING MEN.



ADOLPH SANFORD GERALD,
THE ABLE CHIEF OF POLICE OF MONTGOMERY,
ALA.

John Radford's Awful Crime.

John Radford, of Bellevue, O., the wife murderer, has just been convicted of his crime, the jury returning a verdict of murder in the first degree.

Radford has always been known among his acquaintances as "Handsome Jack Radford." His wife, Annie Greenslade, a beautiful woman, to whom he had been married ten years, was killed by him on the 4th of November, 1882.

For some time previous to the crime they had been living unhappily because of the husband's overbearing disposition and cruelty toward the wife. In October last she, with her two children, left him and went to live with her parents. On Nov. 4 Radford was informed that his wife had

his wife and firing two fatal shots into her body. One shot entered her neck, the other her temple. A more cold-blooded murder was never committed. Coolly pocketing his revolver Radford left the house, and started West from the town, but was soon overtaken and brought to the Fremont jail where he has since been confined.

Adolph S. Gerald.

Adolph Sanford Gerald, Chief of Police of Montgomery, Ala., is about 42 years old, and was born in the city of which he has long been the chief peace officer. His manners are gentle, his heart is tender, he is generous and affectionate, but is a perfect terror to evil doers. The little children look upon him as a veritable Moses, and, on the other hand, thieves and housebreakers, disturbers of the peace, ruffians and braggarts entertain for him great respect and an absolute horror. He has been chief of police five terms and is again re-elected. The fact that he is elected, without effort, by both Republican and Democratic



THOMAS BAKER,
ASSISTANT CHIEF OF POLICE OF PORTSMOUTH,
VA., MISSING SINCE APRIL 24.

Mr. Baker was well known in many of the Southern cities, and has frequently visited the North, where he also had many friends.

Eddy Solomon's Snap.

Edward Solomon, whose placid features appear in black and pink in the present number, is chiefly known to fame as the composer of the

mouth, Va., for the last fifteen years, left that place for Washington, D. C., on detective business. Since that time he has not been heard from, and his relatives are beginning to fear that he has fallen a victim to foul play. They therefore offer \$100 reward for information as to his whereabouts. The missing man was 53 years of age, five feet six inches high and weighed about 150 pounds. One of his eyes was gouged out and his ears were pierced for rings. When last seen he wore a black diagonal suit of clothes. All information regarding him should be sent to W. T. Baker, of No. 419 King street, Portsmouth, Va.



EDDY SOLOMONS,

THE YOUNG LONDON JEW WHO CAPTURED AND
RAN OFF WITH LILLIAN RUSSELL.

ment for the summer months with the manager of one of the Strand theatres in London, and will probably create a furore among the cockneys. Altogether, considering his intellectual and physical insignificance, Eddy Solomon is a very lucky lad.

A Hackman's Dilemma.

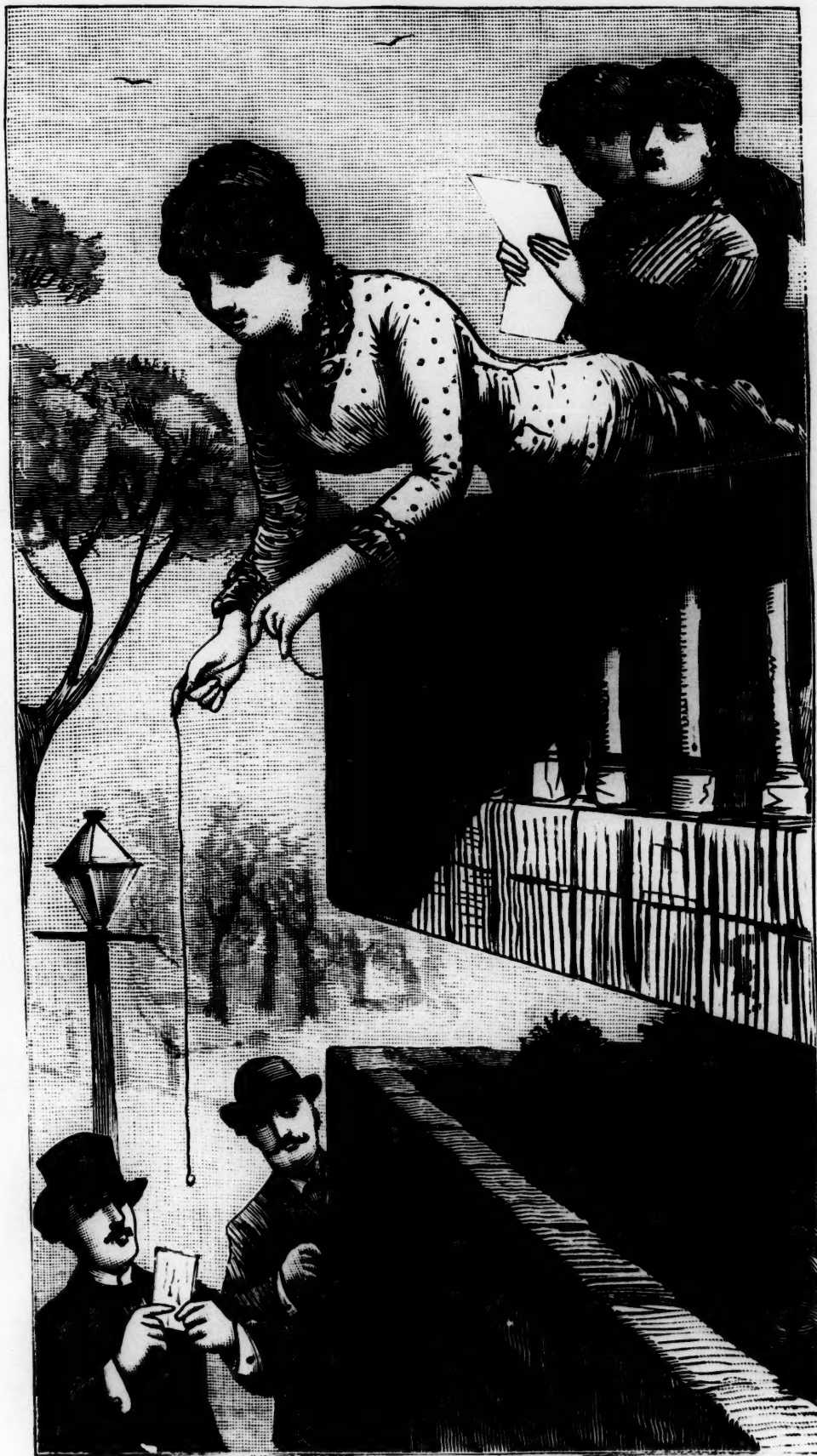
James Keith, a hackman, drove up to police headquarters on the afternoon of June 13. Inside his vehicle was a woman who refused to pay her carriage hire of \$7. Keith told the superintendent, and four officers were sent out to take the woman into the office. They made several attempts to get her out, but she was as immovable as Gibraltar. Detective McNamara boarded the carriage and had the woman taken



JOHN RADFORD,
TO HANG FOR THE BRUTAL MURDER OF HIS
WIFE; BELLEVUE, OHIO.

begun proceedings against him for divorce and alimony. He had previously made the threat that if she left him he would kill her. Arming himself with a revolver, he went immediately to her father's house and forced an entrance by breaking in one of the doors which had been locked against him. His wife, her sister and mother were in the house. He went up stairs to his wife's room. After exchanging a few words, she came down with him and they stepped out of the kitchen door.

The sister, Mary Greenslade, had followed them. Without a word Radford knocked his wife off the steps to the ground, and drawing his revolver pointed it at the sister demanding that she go in the house or he would shoot her. She went in, but her mother appeared the next instant to witness Radford standing over



DROPPING A LINE.

HOW THE YOUNG LADIES OF A FEMALE SEMINARY AT BURLINGTON, N. J., FISH FOR
CORRESPONDENCE.

Councils, shows the confidence of the people of Montgomery in their chief of police. He is a natural born detective, and is entitled to the credit of bringing to light nearly all the rascalties that have occurred in his section of the State

A Missing Assistant Police Chief.

On the 24th of last April Thomas Baker, who has been Assistant Chief of Police of Ports-

mouth, Va., for the last fifteen years, left that place for Washington, D. C., on detective business. Since that time he has not been heard from, and his relatives are beginning to fear that he has fallen a victim to foul play. They therefore offer \$100 reward for information as to his whereabouts. The missing man was 53 years of age, five feet six inches high and weighed about 150 pounds. One of his eyes was gouged out and his ears were pierced for rings. When last seen he wore a black diagonal suit of clothes. All information regarding him should be sent to W. T. Baker, of No. 419 King street, Portsmouth, Va.



MRS. RADFORD,
CRUELLY MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND NO-
VEMBER 4, 1882.

to the Jefferson Market court. There Sergeant Williams and his whole squad, by masterly evolution, succeeded in getting the woman into the court room, where she was arraigned before Justice Gardner. The hackman said he had been hired by the woman to drive her from one hotel to another; that she drank champagne at several places; that her bill amounted to \$7, and she refused to pay it. She would not give her name or address, and was committed to prison in default of \$300 bail for her good behavior for the next thirty days.

She was most elegantly dressed, and had enough diamonds about her to pay the amount of the bail bond. The woman wore a pair of magnificent diamond earrings, a diamond breastpin, a fine cluster finger ring and a gold wedding band with a diamond sunk to the surface.



POLICEMAN JOHN W. SMITH,
WHO SHOT PETER REGAN IN HIS OWN SALOON;
NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 10.



JACOB SCHWARTZ,
THE ELMIRA SHEENY WHO WENT INTO MOURN-
ING BECAUSE HIS SISTER MARRIED A GENTILE.

THE FEMALE SPORTS OF NEW YORK.

BY
ONE OF THEM.

CHAPTER XV. A CALIFORNIA CELEBRITY.

You don't see much of her around now, but she is here still, and certainly belongs within our category. Who? do you ask. Listen to the story of her life and adventures according to the records of her time.

On the third of November, 1870, San Francisco was thrown into a tremendous state of excitement by the news that one of her foremost citizens had been murdered by a woman of the most notorious character, even among the notorious women of that dissipated city.

The victim was A. P. Crittenden, a distinguished lawyer and daring speculator, a man of cultivation and intellectual vigor which placed him in the first rank of the society of the Pacific Slope. Mr. Crittenden was a descendant of the famous Kentucky family of that name, a universal favorite in all his social and business connections.

For all these attractive traits, however, Mr. Crittenden had one fatal weakness.

Although a man of family, he went abroad for pleasure. It was a fashion in San Francisco in those days for every man with any means to run two establishments. A mistress was as great a necessity as a wife, and Mr. Crittenden bowed, perhaps not unwillingly, to the universal fashion.

The object upon which he lavished his passion was Mrs. Laura D. Fair.

Mrs. Fair was a social octopus; one of a type of women almost peculiar to California. Without being beautiful or elegantly educated, she was bright, witty and intelligent by nature, and utterly devoid of a moral sense. She had been married four times, and ought for the sake of her fame been wedded oftener. She had made her debut in rural districts as an actress with slight success, abandoned her first husband, who followed her to San Francisco and blew his brains out there, and embarked in a career of vice destined to end in murder.

Laura D. Fair was the incarnation of total and soulless depravity such as is fortunately not often found even in women of the very worst order.

She was as avaricious as she was morally debased. The goal of all her crimes against herself and society was money. Where other women of her class spent their tainted gains and lived their dissolute lives with a semblance of enjoyment, she pursued her way with the cold, deliberate calculation of a devil fish in search of prey.

Money and money alone could buy her, and any one with money enough could be a purchaser.

Each of her victims in succession was mercilessly bled and then cast off, and after each operation the bank account of Laura D. Fair was increased till, at the time she shot her last lover down, she had saved over \$10,000 of the wages of her shame.

Even the flyblown affectation of morality of the Paris of the Pacific was revolted by her, and she was regarded with aversion save by a few interested or infatuated intimates—creatures who profited by the few crumbs of her spoil which she permitted to escape her, or were blinded by the passion she made it her business to arouse.

It was to the latter class Alexander P. Crittenden belonged.

Once in the woman's toils, Crittenden lavished money on her with princely liberality. He furnished splendid apartments for her and forestalled her most extravagant wishes. His family, who were domiciled in the East, even suffered short remittances in order that he might pour wealth into the lap of his destroyer without stint. His connection with her was common scandal, and his blind infatuation the source at once of contempt and uneasiness to all his friends.

In time, however, the man's better nature began to assert itself.

Deep in his heart he cherished an honest love for his wife and children, and this, once his ignoble passion for his mistress lost its novelty, made itself felt. He began to devote more attention to his absent ties, and to consider his duty to them.

His mistress noticed the change and it roused all the evil in her vehement nature. She began to pester her lover to divorce his wife and marry her.

Day and night she dinned her demands into his ears, and solely for the purpose of obtaining temporary peace he promised to gratify them. In this way he kept her in play, while he perfected his preparations for severing the unhallowed tie which bound them.

He arranged for the reception of his wife in San Francisco, leased and furnished a house for her, and had got things in trim and written to her to join him when Mrs. Fair discovered his intentions.

Stormy scenes followed. The harpy swore he should not leave her; that he should "sleep with no other woman but her;" that his promise bound him to marry her, and he must cut his wife off and keep his word; that he had no right to give a house to any other woman but herself.

When she could not get hold of him she wrote. Her letters were fierce and passionate, breathing fleshly love and hot anger. But he steeled himself against them, and the woman felt that her arguments and entreaties were vain. Then she resolved on vengeance.

If she could not keep this victim to herself no one else should profit by him. We say profit by the murderess, for all the professed passion of the murderess that was to be was but a mask for the greed she cherished in her avaricious soul to enjoy the rich fruits of his well rewarded labors.

Mrs. Crittenden was due at San Francisco on the 3d of November. Some days before Mrs. Fair walked into a gunsmith's shop and priced some pistols. The storekeeper made some remark upon her desire to arm herself and she replied:

"There are a number of uproarious and impertinent

boys who hang about my house and I am afraid of them. I want to be able to protect myself."

The day for Mrs. Crittenden's arrival came. The terminus of the Trans-Continental railroad is in Oakland, 15 miles across the bay from San Francisco, and Mr. Crittenden crossed in the ferry boat to meet his wife.

Laura D. Fair dogged him across.

The expected wife arrived, and her husband led her on board the ferry boat "El Capitán." His mistress followed close behind them, and as her victim bent and imprinted a kiss of welcome and atonement on the lips of the woman he had been so faithless to, her rival shot him dead. The murderess was at once arrested.

She brought all her theatrical lessons into play to assume a semblance of insanity, and developed more ability in that performance than she ever had upon the stage. But her frenzy was entirely too hollow and unsubstantial to impose on any thoughtful mind. Evidence of previous distraction, as in the case of Mary Harris was altogether wanting. The insanity of Laura D. Fair was, like that of Guiteau, created for a purpose, not produced by circumstances which brought the end to which it led about.

Laura D. Fair was brought to trial at San Francisco on March 27, 1871.

The defence set up in her behalf was the threadbare one of "emotional insanity." Like Guiteau she claimed to have been sane before the murder, and to be sane now, but averred that when she fired the fatal shot she did not know what she was about.

She testified in her own behalf, and very cleverly strove to fit her evidence to the theory on which she relied to escape the gallows.

That is, she began by giving a clear narrative of her connection with Crittenden; her love for him and her endeavors, prompted by that love, to separate him from his wife. As she approached the murder, however, her testimony grew more and more vague and indistinct till, at the murder itself, she claimed only to recall a fantastic chaos of facts; a wild flight of phantoms, such as might be expected to attend such a moment in the career of a criminal with an unbalanced brain. Her story failed to convince the jury, however, and on April 26 they brought in a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree." Exceptions were taken on behalf of the defence, and these being sustained the murderess got a new trial. This took place at the end of 1872.

In making up the jury hundreds upon hundreds of persons were rejected upon the score of preconceived opinions. Practically, nearly everybody who had read the newspapers, who had any knowledge of passing events, or any intelligence to apply to that bare knowledge was ruled out as incompetent. It began to seem that it would be impossible to have a trial at all because it would be impossible to find in or around a thriving and active city like San Francisco twelve men sufficiently ignorant and stupid to fulfill the requisitions of jurors. Nothing but an idiot asylum could be reasonably expected to furnish such a panel as the learned judge insisted upon having. At last, after a long period and careful search, a dozen men were brought together, presumably the most unintelligent creatures in California, so exceptionally imbecile as to be unexceptionable! These worthless sat solemnly in the box, listening to the harangues and theories of the learned and eloquent counsel for the accused lady, until it may be supposed that their mental condition became even more confused than hers was represented to have been at the time of the commission of the deed of killing. Indeed, it is not satisfactorily shown that they had even been educated up to the comprehension of the idea that to shoot a human being is really an objectionable act.

At any rate, they did what might be expected of them—brought in a verdict of acquittal.

Popular indignation knew no bounds, but the unshackled murderess snapped her fingers at it. She had money and the law on her side, and could afford to laugh at justice.

After her acquittal Mrs. Fair strove to make capital out of her infamy by using her notoriety as an advertisement. She attempted lecturing, but the public refused to countenance her, and a series of empty benches drove her from the field into the oblivion in which she belonged. But she continues to enjoy life apparently, probably a great deal better than the family of her victim.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME OF OUR VISITORS.

The POLICE GAZETTE establishment is recognized as one of the "sights" of the city, and a great many visitors drop in to see us every week. The following named gentlemen visited us last week:

Harry Chapman, Chicago, Ill.; W. J. McClerman, San Francisco; George P. Baack, Ben Patterson, Jas. L. Fitzgibbon, Harry Orringe, Henry Kaylor, city; George J. Gregory, Brooklyn; James H. Miller, Newark, N. J.; Thomas McGinty, Robert Crawford, Edward Mulcahy, Frank E. Smith, John Daum, city; Geo. H. Rowe, "Daily Star;" Geo. H. Gaffney, Moit Haven; Gus. Phillips, Oofy Gooft; W. E. Cochrane, Manchester, Eng.; M. J. Tracy, L. W. Blackwood, city; W. J. Kane, W. H. Macpherson, Luke McFlynn, city; Edward Meehan; Francis J. Scilly, Long Island City; Evander Childs, Ernest McNeill, M. D., city; John J. Clarke, Morrisania, N. Y.; M. J. Fitzgerald, "South Brooklyn News;" John Mott, James Murphy, Frank Walters, Brooklyn; G. R. Snow; S. Lambert; Wm. S. Duncomb, city; Herbert Egerton; William Irving, Brooklyn; John Cluff, Sam'l Barnett, city; D. Murphy, Brooklyn; Thomas Conway, Jr.; John McManus, city; Charles P. Cramer, Troy; William Cosgrove, Auburn, N. Y.; P. H. Halahan, E. F. Mallahan, city; George Norton, Edward McCabe; Geo. Logan, Jr.; J. P. Bennett, C. E. Austin; John Barry, city; Edward F. McCabe; C. D. Esprit; Richard A. Weiss, San Francisco; John Paul Adams, city; A. H. Beech, Springfield, Ill.; P. E. Cramer, Troy; David Murray, city; Ald. Hugh J. Grant; Charles J. Morgan; John B. Sexton; Edward Insinger, Germantown, Pa.; W. L. Brown, Geo. Bartholomew, "Daily News," city; Chas. W. Angus, G. A. Pierce, Dave Reid, city; Frank B. Wilson, Boston, Mass.; F. J. Carroll, E. H. Hayes, city; Major H. B. Furber, Philadelphia; W. J. Johnson, city; H. A. Malen; M. Hook, Pittsburg; H. B. Warner, San Francisco; Thomas McGowan; Fred J. Courtlander; Edward F. Cary, Willie J. Tremper, H. McDonald, John S. Redican, Col. David Scott, city; Thomas Vernon, Duane street, city; John A. Greene, City Ed. "Morning Journal;" Judge Hall, Supreme Court, city; Judge Nehrbass, city; Mr. Tupper, "Morning Journal," city; George Vernon, Col. Van Wyck, city.

THE WRESTLING TOURNAMENT.

Exciting Scenes in the Struggle for the "Police Gazette" Trophy.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

The great international wrestling tournament for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy and \$1,000 in prizes offered by Richard K. Fox, was held at the Casino, Boston, on June 11 and 12. There were originally seven entries for the tournament, but only six competed. The entries were H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass.; George W. Flagg, of Braintree, Vt.; Patrick O'Donnell, of Ottawa, Canada; E. L. Burton, of Michigan; Duncan C. Ross, of Louisville, Ky.; Captain James C. Daly, of New York; John McMahon, of New York, and Wm. A. Burbank, of Ohio. The conditions of the tournament were the best two in three bouts, collar-and-elbow, catch-as-catch-can, and side-hold, according to POLICE GAZETTE rules. Capt. James C. Daly did not appear, having met with an accident, and McMahon did not compete, having failed to get permission from P. T. Barnum. Frank Ellsworth, of Boston, a noted expert, was appointed referee, and Nat. E. Hutchings, of Boston, and Reuben E. Cole, of Vermont, were the judges. The attendance at the opening was only fair, but on the evening of the 11th the attendance was large. Dufur and Flagg stepped into the ring for a collar-and-elbow wrestle. After some clever sparring, Dufur threw Flagg by a grapevine lock. Time, 13 minutes. The second bout, between Burton and O'Donnell in catch-as-catch-can, was won by O'Donnell. Time, 11 minutes. The third bout, which was between Ross and Flagg, catch-as-catch-can, was won by the former in 10 minutes, after a very interesting struggle. In the fourth bout, O'Donnell and Dufur took a side-hold, and after some fair play the first fall was awarded Dufur. Time, 5 minutes. The fifth bout, between Flagg and Burton, was collar-and-elbow. Both men stood up together, and after some pretty play of 3 minutes, Flagg was declared the victor. In the sixth bout, O'Donnell and Flagg indulged in catch-as-catch-can, the fall being given to O'Donnell in 8 minutes. In the seventh bout, Burton and Dufur tried collar-and-elbow, which resulted in Dufur's favor after 9 minutes, he getting his opponent by a grapevine. In the eighth bout, Flagg and O'Donnell took hold in a collar-and-elbow struggle, which lasted 13 minutes. It was won by the former. In the ninth bout, Ross and Burbank had a trial of catch-as-catch-can, in which both men indulged in good work, resulting in Ross winning in 7 minutes. The tenth bout was between O'Donnell and Burton. They wrestled for 3 minutes in collar-and-elbow, when the fall was given to Burton. In the eleventh bout, Dufur and Burbank drew matters to a close after but 2 minutes, when Burbank raised Dufur bodily over his head, throwing him heavily on the floor, the four points touching the ground heavily, in fact, making the Marlboro giant see stars. The twelfth bout, between Burton and Flagg in catch-as-catch-can, was settled in 4 minutes to Burton's advantage. The evening's entertainment ended with a catch-as-catch-can, making bout 13, which was participated in by Dufur and O'Donnell. It was a very fair exhibition, lasting 16½ minutes, and was won by O'Donnell.

On the second day of the tournament the interest in the affair was not so great, owing to the fact that Duncan C. Ross had been attacked with measles. The rumor was correct, for Ross was found at Patsy Sheppard's new sporting house, 71 Harrison avenue, perfectly invalided.

The afternoon's wrestling opened with the 14th bout of the tournament by Flagg and Dufur in a side-hold tussle, which resulted in Dufur's winning. Time, 6 minutes.

The 15th bout was contested by O'Donnell and Burton in a side-hold, and was won by Burton, after good, clever work by both men, in 23 minutes.

The 16th bout was contested by Dufur and Flagg in catch-as-catch-can, and was won by Dufur. Time, 15½ minutes.

The 17th bout showed up O'Donnell and Flagg in catch-as-catch-can, O'Donnell winning in 7½ minutes.

The 18th bout, for catch-as-catch-can between Burbank and O'Donnell, was won by the latter in 7½ minutes.

The 19th bout, in catch-as-catch-can, between Flagg and Burbank, was clever, and won by Burbank in 3½ minutes.

The 20th bout, between Dufur and Burton for side-hold, was won in 3½ minutes by Dufur.

In the 21st bout, at collar-and-elbow, between O'Donnell and Burbank, the latter won in 5 minutes.

The 22d bout, between Flagg and Burton, in collar-and-elbow, was won by Flagg.

The 23d bout, in collar-and-elbow, had Dufur and Burbank, and was won by Dufur 1½ minutes.

The 24th bout was contested by Burton and Burbank in catch-as-catch-can, and won by Burbank in 4 minutes.

In the 25th bout O'Donnell and Burbank at side-hold contested for the mastery, in which O'Donnell won easily in 7 minutes.

The 26th bout, between Flagg and Burbank, at collar-and-elbow was decided in favor of Flagg. Time 5½ minutes.

The 27th bout, at collar-and-elbow, between Dufur and O'Donnell, was quickly won by Dufur in 2 minutes.

The 28th and last bout was a contest by O'Donnell and Flagg, it being collar-and-elbow, and was settled in 1½ minutes, Flagg winning.

At the conclusion the following were declared the winners:

First prize, H. M. Dufur, the championship wrestling medal of the world, bearing the inscription presented by Richard K. Fox, of New York, also \$500 in cash.

Second prize, G. W. Flagg, \$300.

Third prize, Patrick O'Donnell, \$150.

Fourth prize, W. A. Burbank, \$50.

The following table shows how the tournament ended:

	Won.	Lost.
Ross	2	0
Flagg	6	7
Dufur	8	2
O'Donnell	5	7
Burton	3	6
Burbank	4	5

H. M. Dufur received the POLICE GAZETTE championship trophy and \$500; George W. Flagg, who came from Braintree, Vt., received \$300; Patrick O'Donnell, the levitathan of Ottawa, \$50. Duncan C. Ross would no doubt have won first or second money but for the unfortunate attack of acute rheumatism which made it necessary for him to be sent to his hotel. Ross is stopping at Patsy Sheppard's, where he will receive every attention. Richard K. Fox on learning of the ac-

cident sent the following despatch to the champion all-round athlete:

"POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE,
June 12, 1883.

"To Duncan C. Ross, Casino, Boston:

"Sorry you are unwell; have instructed my representative, William E. Harding, to see that you want for nothing; hope you will recover soon."

After the tournament the following despatch was received from Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete:

"NEW YORK, June 12.

"William E. Harding, Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, Casino, Boston:

"Sorry that I cannot compete. Got my hands knocked up training with Barney Blake, the Irish giant; will wrestle winner for \$1,000. Five hundred dollars deposited with POLICE GAZETTE."

Dufur has also been challenged by O'Donnell to wrestle for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy, and it is not known who Dufur will compete against first.

The tournament was a grand success, and the contestants gave Richard K. Fox a unanimous vote of thanks.

A GIVE AWAY NOTE.

A Husband Intercepts It and a Big Scandal Ensues in High Circles.

The best society of Amsterdam, N. Y., was agitated on May 31 by the exposure of a complete household skeleton in one of the best families of the town. Here is the story as the gossips detail it: Six years ago William Shuler, a wealthy manufacturer and one of the first citizens of Amsterdam, was married to Miss Lucy Austin, of Schenectady, one of the handsomest girls in the Mohawk valley. They took up a residence at Amsterdam, and moved in the first circles of society. Among Shuler's most intimate friends was Willis Wendell, a druggist. He was a frequent visitor at the Shuler mansion. Shuler left home on May 25 on a fishing excursion, and returning rather unexpectedly, intercepted a note, which, it is said, Mrs. Shuler had sent to Wendell, inviting him to call on her as she was alone. Shuler obtained the epistle owing to a blunder of a domestic. The text of the letter is not known, but it created a great storm in the Shuler household. It is alleged that when Shuler returned he assaulted his wife, and arrangements were made for an immediate separation. Mrs. Shuler returned to her father's house, taking one of her children with her and leaving the other in the possession of her husband. While Shuler has been credited with being a rather gay man about town, his wife's purity of character has never been questioned. Mrs. Shuler admits sending a letter to Wendell. She says it was only an innocent invitation to a party—merely a lark. Her friends refuse to believe any aspersions against her. Wendell has gone to Michigan on a visit. Shuler is said to have offered his wife \$10,000 and a weekly allowance to consent to a bill of separation.

A POLICEMAN'S GALLANT RESCUE.

An Exciting and Distressing Scene on Martin's Dock, Brooklyn.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While Officer John Buchanan, of the Second Precinct, was engaged in duty on Martin's Dock, on the evening of June 9, he heard several screams which appeared to come from some one in distress. He hastened to the end of the wharf and found Fred. Barnes, captain of the canal boat A. C. Freeman, of the New York Central and Hudson River line, struggling in the water. A closer examination showed that Charles Jorgensen, a native of Norway, and a boatswain on the steamer Alexandria, was also overboard. From what could be ascertained at the time it appeared that Barnes, while pushing his boat out from the slip, made a misstep and fell in. Jorgensen, attracted by the appeals of Barnes' wife for assistance, ran down and jumped in for the purpose of rescuing the drowning man. The sailor did all that he could to keep Barnes above water; but when the officer reached the scene he discovered that both men were in an exhausted condition, Barnes being insensible, owing to a wound on his head, sustained in falling from the boat. Officer Buchanan took in the whole situation at once, and without hesitating for a moment, plunged in the water with his uniform on, and fastening a rope on the two men pulled them ashore amid the cheers of a number of spectators who had assembled on the dock. The ambulance was summoned, and under Dr. Buckmaster's treatment the men soon regained consciousness. Those who witnessed Officer Buchanan's action say that it was that of a brave man who showed that he was equal to any emergency.

SCHOOL GIRLS' PRANKS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Girls will be girls" is as true if not as trite a saying as "Boys will be boys." Lock them up in a convent, seclude them in the most carefully guarded seminary, still the feminine heart will yearn for the forbidden pleasures that wise guardians take pains to keep them from, and their women's wit will find a way to frustrate all the plans made to prevent the natural longings of the tender hearted maids for communication with the opposite sex. This propensity has lately caused quite a scandal in Burlington, N. J., where it has been discovered that the scholars of one of the most celebrated female seminaries have been detected in carrying on a clandestine correspondence with young gentlemen by means of a line and hook dropped from the windows of the secluded retreat, where the fair ones are supposed to be safe from all the snares and temptations of the wicked world.

A SAVORY PAIR.

[With Portrait.]

In No. 299 of the POLICE GAZETTE we had occasion to dwell on the elopement from Elmira, N. Y., and marriage, of Mori B. Sullivan, a young law student, and Celia Schwartz, a pretty Jewess. The result of this affair was that Jacob and Lee Schwartz, brothers of the bride, both narrow-minded, prejudiced pork-haters, draped their house in mourning, and that, meeting Charles P. Bacon, one of the witnesses to the marriage, on the street one day, they made a savage attack upon his person. This savory pair subsequently figured in a New York court, Lee being a defendant in a criminal suit for swindling and his brother appearing as his counsel. It is the latter's portrait which we publish in the present number.

BLOODY VENGEANCE.

Dukes, the Seducer and Murderer,
Slain in His Tracks.The Young Son of Capt. Nutt Avenges
His Father's Murder and His
Sister's Dishonor.

[With Portraits and Illustration.]

Another bloody act in the terrible tragedy of Uniontown, Pa., occurred on Wednesday, June 13, when James Nutt, the young son of the late Capt. Nutt, shot and killed Nicholas Lyman Dukes, the seducer of his sister and murderer of his father. The dreadful deed of vengeance occurred in public, and was so promptly effected that the victim breathed his last before any one could reach him or offer him succor. It was dusk, and the street in the vicinity of the post office in Uniontown was thronged with people. Suddenly the sound of five pistol shots rang out on the air. Every one in a moment was rushing to the scene, and word was passed through the excited crowd that Dukes was dead. The interest came to a focus at one point near the post office entrance, and the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, who was early on the scene, crowded through to the front and there, sure enough, he found lying on the floor the lifeless body of Dukes, the seducer. Young Nutt was a few feet distant, struggling fiercely in the hands of Officer Frank Pegg, who was assisted in overpowering the frantic boy by George Hutchinson and Alfred Collins. He thought at first that he was attacked by Dukes' friends and therefore resisted, but when he found that an officer was his antagonist he surrendered. Officer Pegg, who witnessed the murder but could not reach the spot in time to prevent, thus recites the terrible details of the affair: James Nutt was standing against a post inside a room that joins the post office and fronts of Main street. This room was until lately occupied by a drug store. The front hall is taken out, it being now fitted up for the First National Bank. While the young man was standing in a ruminating attitude in this position, which was favorable for observing the passers by into the post office, Dukes came down the street from the direction of Jennings' hotel, walking briskly with a cane under his arm. Just as he turned the corner toward the post office door young Nutt stepped down the step, pulled a revolver and fired two shots at him in quick succession. Dukes looked around and started to run into the post office door, whereupon Nutt fired again, and followed in close pursuit. Just as Dukes got inside the post office, his assailant fired two more shots and Dukes fell heavily to the floor upon his face. E. A. Lingo rushed into the office and stooped down to pick him up. Dukes tried to say something, but could only gasp, and in a moment he was dead.

By this time Officer Pegg reached young Nutt and laid hold of him.

Dukes' body was removed to his room at the hotel, where Coroner Sturgeon empaneled a jury. On examining the body it was found that three of the balls entered the back near the side, under the left arm, and penetrated toward the heart, lodging in the breast very near the skin, where they were cut out. They all three entered within two or three inches of each other. On Dukes' body was found his old pistol, the weapon with which he killed Capt. Nutt.

James Nutt is the second of Capt. Nutt's children, being next in age to Miss Lizzie, and will be 21 years old in August next. He is a quiet young man, seldom having anything to say except when spoken to, and not much then. He is of a peculiar turn of mind, not being very sociable, but decidedly retired. When his father was killed not a few predicted that James would avenge the murder. Dukes himself feared this boy more than any other person; some saying that he had carefully avoided him. Mrs. Nutt was also apprehensive that her son would thus take the matter into his own hand, and had tried hard and often to induce him to promise her that he would not do it. She could never get him to give her any assurance, however, as he persistently refused to make any promises. A few days before the murder he went home in a very irritable mood, and said to his mother, "I can't stand this. I met Dukes on the street to-day and he laughed in my face." She feared from this time on that the worst would come.

He performed it with coolness and deliberation and remarked afterward that "it had to be done." After he was in the hands of the officers, he asked anxiously whether he had hurt any one else. He repeated this inquiry to those who visited him after he was lodged in jail, and when assured that his bullets had harmed only Dukes he seemed satisfied.

The revolver with which the shooting was done is the same that Capt. Nutt carried on the morning of his death. Young Nutt is now in jail. He was calm, but as pale as a sheet. The coroner's jury is now sitting, and the excitement here is running high.

The readers of the POLICE GAZETTE are familiar with the details of the original crime which resulted in this bloody deed of retribution, and only a brief resume is necessary to bring its full details back vividly to their minds.

On the morning of Dec. 24, 1882, the citizens of Uniontown, Pa., were horrified by the intelligence that N. L. Dukes, a member of the Fayette county bar and member-elect of the Pennsylvania Legislature had shot and killed Capt. A. C. Nutt, cashier of the Pennsylvania State Treasury. The murder occurred in a room occupied by Dukes in a hotel in Uniontown. The murderer gave himself up, and declared that the deed was committed in self-defence. When the case came to trial and all the circumstances were brought to light, Dukes' villainy was brought out with shocking distinctness.

It was proved that Dukes had written letters to Capt. Nutt, in which he boasted of having had illicit intercourse with the captain's daughter. Not content with this he gave publicity to some town gossip affecting her character. He also made the proposition that a crime should be committed in order to conserve the honor of the family. It appeared that Capt. Nutt was goaded to desperation by these attacks on the character of his daughter, and he sought an interview with her self-claimed seducer. An angry altercation followed, the details of which are by no means clear. Both men were seen to clinch. A terrible struggle followed. Bystanders separated them. Dukes then

drew his revolver and, shouting, "You came here to shoot me, now I will kill you!" fired. The ball penetrated Capt. Nutt's brain and he fell dead. These were the principal facts sworn to at the trial.

The jury acquitted the prisoner, and to say that the verdict was received with disgusted surprise gives but a faint notion of the feeling that was aroused. The judge rebuked the jury in a dignified manner and discharged the prisoner. That same night Dukes was hanged in effigy at Uniontown and an indignation meeting was held. It is worthy of note that the charges he made against Miss Nutt were disbelieved by all who were acquainted with the young lady, and she met with sincere sympathy on every hand. The Legislature of Pennsylvania took action against the murderer, and informally resolved that he should not take his seat in the House of Representatives. His seat was in point of fact declared vacant on March 23, and Dukes' successor was elected. Meanwhile the jurors who acquitted Dukes were threatened, and the murderer was warned never again to show his face in Uniontown under penalty of death. Dukes, unabashed, however by these threats, went back to Uniontown and resumed the practice of his profession.

A FATAL LABOR RIOT.

Union and Non-Union Moulders at Loggerheads in
Troy—A Bloody Encounter.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

A fatal labor riot occurred June 11, on one of the principal streets of Troy, N. Y., between non-union moulders employed at the malleable iron works there and union moulders. Since the owners of the works discharged the union moulders and supplied their places with other men, there had been a bitter feeling between the two classes. Threats were freely made and so often carried out, that some weeks ago, Schleicher, Grippen & Chase, proprietors of the works, employed a number of Pinkerton's men to guard their foundry and to protect their new employees. They secured as a boarding place for the non-union men a large building which was formerly a Catholic church, the building which was to have been blown up some weeks ago. The proprietors of the foundry also furnished their men with revolvers, and since that time several shooting affrays have occurred. On the afternoon in question several non-union men who were intoxicated went to Mahon's saloon, on Congress street, which is the headquarters of the discharged union moulders. There they met a number of the union moulders, and began quarrelling with them. After a while the men got out on to the street and then the firing commenced. In less than a minute three union men, William Hutchinson, Joseph Winestone and Arthur Imeson, were lying on the pavement badly wounded. Hutchinson breathed his last within a quarter of an hour.

The bloody result of the affray caused a momentary cessation, but it was renewed just as the police appeared. The force under Superintendent Quigley at once charged upon the men who were engaged in fighting, and by a free use of the club scattered the mob, but not without retaining in custody Sanford C. White, aged 19 years; Thomas Canfield, 22 years; Thomas Jones, 23 years, and John Jones, 22 years. White and Canfield are non-union men and are said to have fired several shots. An excited crowd followed the officers down Congress street, where an attempt was made to lynch the man White. Supt. Quigley stepped away from his men and ordered the would-be lynchers to stand back. For a reply the crowd attacked him, but he very bravely knocked down two of his aggressors and scared away the rest. The Superintendent then placed his prisoner in a street car, which he surrounded with officers, and so started again. The crowd, which by this time had largely increased, next attacked the car, expressing the intention of taking the prisoners away and dealing with them themselves. When the reinforcements to the crowd—learned, however, that the men were in Quigley's custody they withdrew from the attack and urged the others to do so, and while they were hesitating the car was hurried on and all reached headquarters without further molestation.

The day following the riot the Jones brothers were discharged; but on the other hand Mr. Schleicher, head of the firm, was arrested on a charge preferred by a union moulder, of inciting the non-union men to deeds of violence. He was accused of offering \$15 to each of them who killed a striker. The examination was not ended when the POLICE GAZETTE went to press. Wednesday, June 12, Hutchinson's remains were sent to Canada, from which country the dead man balls. Over 5,000 workmen followed the hearse to the depot. The excitement was intense, but no further acts of violence occurred.

Chief Quigley, whose portrait we publish, was appointed to his present position last November. He has been over ten years on the police force, and is an able and conscientious official.

ELECTRIC BATHS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The so-called medical, magnetic, electric and medicated baths are among the vilest skins and frauds of the metropolis. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," but any one who goes to one of these places to be cleansed need not expect to find much godliness laying around loose. These establishments advertise in the daily papers in terms purposely ambiguous, but clearly defining their true inwardness to the initiated. Our artist has so faithfully depicted the manner of doing business in one of the most luxurious places of the kind, that no pen description is necessary. In order to show the contrast, he has also thrown in a little sketch of the good old style of taking a bath.

JAMES GIDDINGS.

[With Portrait.]

James Giddings, whose portrait we present in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, is a Brooklyn sporting man, who is known from Maine to California. As a handler of cocks, referee, or trainer of fighters, Giddings has no superior and but few equals. He was born in Nottingham, England, but came to this country when a mere lad. Twenty-five years ago he was a clever boxer who held his own with all comers, and even to-day, although away up in the forties, he is able to use his hands to good advantage. Giddings is a quiet, unassuming man, and his proudest boast is that he has not touched a drop of beer since he was 6 years old.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

What He Has to Say About Two Wicked Psalm
Singers.

The Religious Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE sat in his luxurious sanctum sipping champagne, and congratulating himself upon the fact that he had not been visited that morning by any impecunious clergymen, when he was handed the following despatch:

PITTSBURGH, June 14.—The Rev. R. C. Morgan is no longer a member of the Baptist church. Something like three years ago his pastoral visits to the home of a Mrs. Haines, in New Haven, a village a mile or two distant, became so frequent as to excite comment. Fearful of a public condemnation of his wife, Mr. Haines went to a magistrate and made affidavit that she was free of sin, and that the Rev. Morgan had made sundry and divers ineffectual efforts to injure her reputation. In the eyes of his congregation he was a man persecuted, and they enveloped him in the mantle of their charity so completely that he was seemingly made impervious to the attacks of slandering minds. Then there came to light a letter as follows: (En route for Europe.) "My dear, dear girl, a sad goodbye for a short time. You will be with me everywhere, on land and on sea, awake and asleep (God bless you and keep you and me safe). (You will write to me) it will be safe, do, in a few days. You will see my address in next issue of Baptist Messenger. Ever yours, on the train."

Formal charges were made accusing Morgan of general lying, disrupting the church, immoral conduct, improper conduct toward Miss Gallentine, Mrs. Booth, Miss Freeman and Mrs. Campbell, and writing a love letter to Miss Horner. The Baptist counsel met yesterday at Connellsville, heard the evidence, and after a lively session declared Morgan convicted by overwhelming evidence and discharged him from the ministry.

It appears that Morgan was at one time a subscriber to the POLICE GAZETTE. At that happy period of his life he was a virtuous man, esteemed by all who knew him. In an evil hour he dropped the POLICE GAZETTE, and began to read the Baptist Messenger. This settled his fate. From the hour he failed to be guided by the POLICE GAZETTE Morgan was a doomed man. The Religious Editor trusts that his readers will be warned by the wrecking of Morgan's reputation.

Scarcely had we recovered from the shock given by the Pittsburg despatch when the annexed note was handed in:

"CORYDON, IND., June 12, 1883.

"How is it that you have failed to notice a case which has kept the 'brethren and sisters' of this place talking for several days past? On May 30, a young colored girl of Corydon, named Stewart, instituted bastardy proceedings before a justice of the peace against John W. Howarth, a white man, who is married, and who is a leading member and a deacon of the leading fashionable church. He compromised the case by paying the defendant the sum of \$250. The girl had been a family servant for a year past, and had always borne a good reputation. He is a man of considerable wealth, and has heretofore been a man of high moral standing in the community. He says he does not read the POLICE GAZETTE."

That settles it. If John W. had read the POLICE GAZETTE and heeded our words of counsel to deacons in general, he might to-day have been one of the best men in Indiana. The POLICE GAZETTE rules for the guidance of deacons contain a special clause bearing directly on the relations which should and should not exist between colored servant girls and their religious employers. Deacon John has been guilty of a flagrant violation of the rules and must suffer the consequences.

It is pleasing to learn that while some of the old lads are falling by the wayside, the POLICE GAZETTE is carrying comfort to better men. The following tribute to our efforts to benefit our fellow creatures speaks for itself:

UNITED STATES MILITARY PRISON,
FORT SNELLING, Minn.,
June 11, 1883.

To the Religious Editor POLICE GAZETTE:

REVEREND SIR—Since your advent in the columns of the popular POLICE GAZETTE there has been a most powerful religious awakening among the military convicts confined here, and you have lifted a load off of many a sad and weary heart. Some five months back some enterprising missionary (he is suspected of being a member of the Y. M. C. A. of St. Paul) made the remarkable discovery that some fifty (50) or sixty (60) convicts are here, and he immediately commenced to persecute us by sending in huge bundles of old papers ('81 and '82), consisting of Christian Advocates, Christian Unions, World's Crisis, and numerous tracts containing dreadful stories of the "Ten Nights in a Barroom" type. When they first began to come we rather enjoyed reading them, especially the obituary notices in the Advocate. They soon wore out, however, and a great many of us have been troubled with nightmare ever since we read them. You see, dear doctor, every blessed one of these persons who were noticed were pure and immaculate, and they were evidently all provided with through tickets, at excursion rates, with sleeping car accommodations. When we found out that there really was so many truly good people there and on the road now, and found the rules and regulations for one who wants to go aloft were so very, very exacting, we all became down-hearted and discouraged. We felt that if all these people did get there, there would be no room for us. Now, since we have commenced to read your editorials in the POLICE GAZETTE, we feel more enlightened on the subject. We see the eccentricities of some of these holy frauds and impostors paraded so beautifully that we have taken heart again, and commence to think there is some hope for us. With all manner of good wishes for your prosperity and welfare, I am, sir, with respect,

JOHN MURPHY,
Military Convict.

EATEN BY BEARS.

A Calamity Which Befel a Party of Turks in North
Carolina.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For some time past three Turks have been travelling through the State of North Carolina with two performing bears. The men were accompanied by their families, and created much sympathy by their statement that they were persecuted officers of Arabi Pasha's army. While the Turks were camped near Lancaster, the largest of the black bears killed and almost devoured one of the children. The Turkish women were not noticing the child and it got too close to the bear,

when the savage animal knocked its brains out with one blow of its huge paw, and then tore its flesh off by the mouthful. The mother, missing the child, called and received no answer, and in looking for it was horrified at the sight which met her eyes. Cries of "Allah! Allah!" brought her husband to the scene. The animal had eaten up nearly the entire body of the little one save the head and parts of the arms and legs. When the parents approached the beast was crouched on the ground, dog fashion, and had a leg of the child between its paws, and the mother's ears were greeted by the sound of the crunching bones. As the parents came up the smaller bear was fighting with the other in its endeavors to get a portion of the fragments of human flesh which were strewn around. The remains were gotten from the beasts with difficulty.

LYNCH LAW IN IOWA.

The Hanging of the Notorious Barber Brothers.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Barber boys, a full account of whose capture after a desperate struggle with five plucky, unarmed German farmers near Waverly, Iowa, was published in our last number, were lynched at midnight on June 9. The work was done by a mob of men from East Bremer and Fayette counties, led by Dell Shepard, the brother of the deputy sheriff of Fayette county, whom they shot last fall, and August and Henry Tegtmere, who were wounded at the time the boys were captured. The mob gathered around the jail soon after dusk on the evening of June 9. At about 9 o'clock the front door of the jail building was broken in, and the mob soon surrounded the cage in which the prisoners were confined, which is a chilled steel apartment, 12 by 16 feet in size, and containing a corridor and two cells. The boys were confined in the north cell. When the mob reached the cage the boys crawled into the darkest corner. In order to reach them it was necessary to get through two iron doors.

After an ineffectual effort to get the keys from the sheriff, the mob battered down the doors and secured the outlaws. Ike Barber fought with the desperation of despair, but Bill quailed, and one man put the rope around his neck. The mob then seized the rope and dragged the boys through the hallways and down the stairs to the sidewalk in front of the jail. Here the boys were allowed to stand up and the nooses around their necks were loosened. The sheriff requested the mob not to hang them in the jail yard, and it was finally agreed to take them to the front steps and allow them to speak. They were then brought together, and bled each other goodby. The crowd, which numbered fully 1,000 persons, became silent, and listened to their last words. Ike was the first to speak, and after asking for a chew of tobacco he said:

"Gentlemen, I am going to tell you the truth, as I know I am going to die in a short time. I am going to tell you all about our deeds. We never killed any one until last fall and within the last two weeks. [A voice—"That is enough."] This report in regard to what was done in Illinois is entirely false. It was told me in the jail at Independence that we confessed killing a man in Illinois. That is a mistake. I am very thankful that you have allowed me to say these few words."

They were then taken to a wood outside the corporate limits of Waverly. When the grove was reached the two were placed under a basswood tree, and there the crowd took off their hats to allow the boys to pray. No supplication passed from their lips, and when they were asked in regard to their folks, they said they would like to have them informed of their fate.

The rope around Bill's neck was thrown over an overhanging limb, and eager hands raised him until his feet were four feet from the ground. He slowly strangled to death.

As Bill was swinging Ike stood doggedly watching his brother. Then the cry was raised, "Here is a good tree." Another basswood tree about two rods away was selected, and at 11:31 Ike too dangled from an overhanging limb.

TOO READY WITH HIS PISTOL.

[With Portrait.]

On the evening of Sunday, 10th inst., Policeman John W. Smith, of the Twenty-second precinct police station, New York city, entered Peter Regan's saloon and racquet and handball court, at No. 404 Madison street, in civilian's clothing, under pretext of buying a drink, and seeing that beer was being sold to customers in violation of the excise law, told Regan that he must consider himself under arrest. Regan became angry, and after some altercation, seized an old sabre in a corner of the saloon. Before he had even drawn it from its sheath the policeman, though in no danger of bodily harm, whipped out a revolver and shot the poor fellow dead. Coroner Levy has held the accused official without bail. Regan, though a somewhat excitable personage, was an honest and kindhearted man and had many friends.

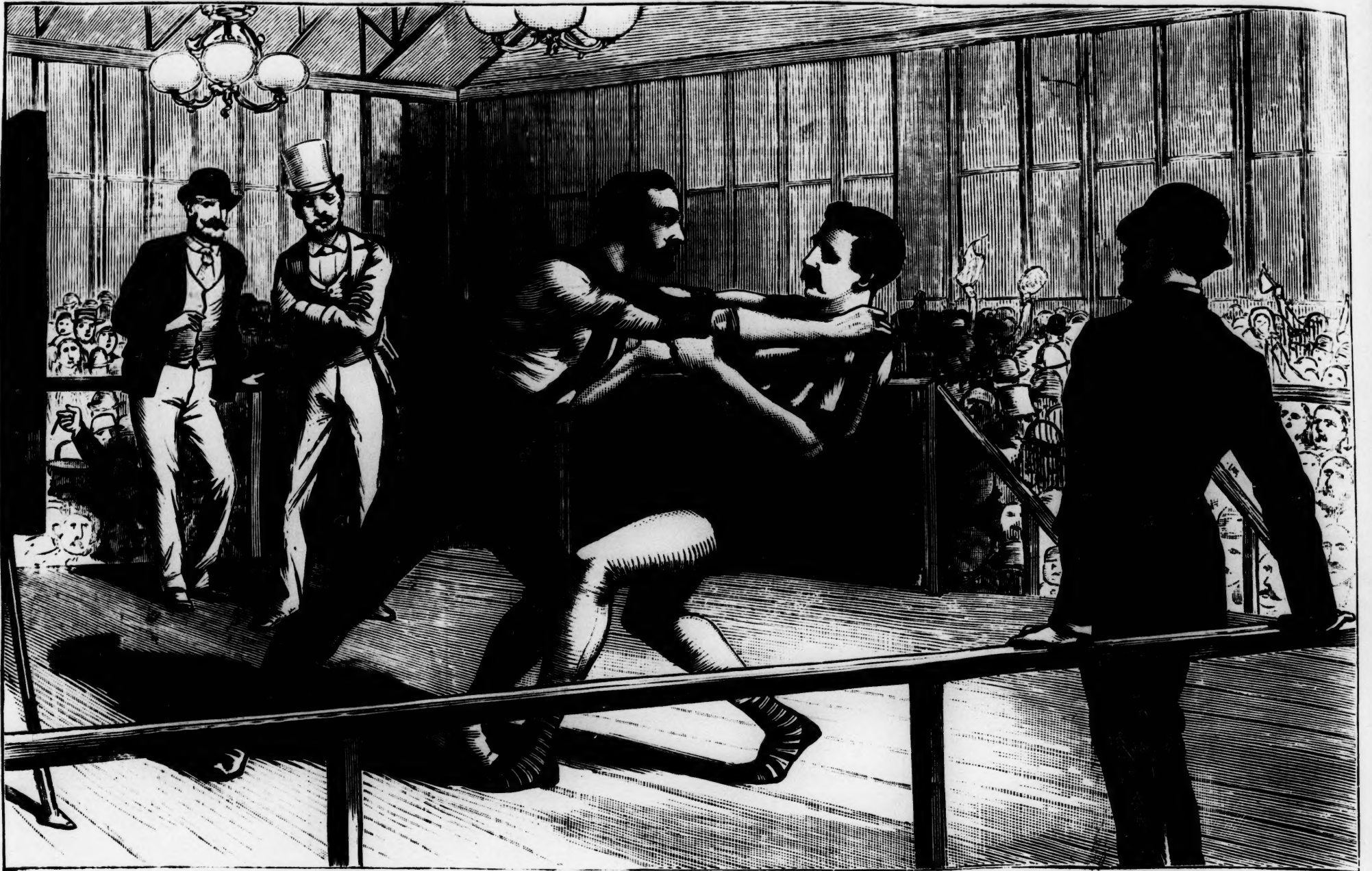
EXECUTIONS IN GERMANY.

According to a return issued the other day at Berlin, 218 persons were condemned in Germany to decapitation between 1864 and 1883, of whom only 26 were executed. Between 1868 and 1873 no fewer than 423 were condemned, but in no case was the sentence carried out. In 1873 Hodel was executed for his attempt on the Emperor. In 1879 and 1880 there were no executions, and since 1881 there have been only three. The German Marwood is named Krants, and he has four assistants, who are also paid by the State. It is their duty to divest the culprit of his outer clothing and then to bind him with leather thongs to the block. It is a boast with Krants that he wields his axe so cleverly that he always severs the head from the body at the first stroke.

TRAMPS KNOCKED OUT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A couple of tramps on Long Island thought they had struck a benanza when they came across a neatly furnished cabin near Rockaway. It was apparently deserted and was well supplied with provisions and spiritual consolation. The tramps' dream of joy was a short one. They were awakened by the return of the owners, who happened to be members of a female athletic club that made this its headquarters. The vigorous young ladies, having just been braced up by a skim in their yacht, were on their muscle, and they went for those tramps then and there and knocked them out in less than four rounds.



A CONTEST OF GIANTS.

THE GREAT "POLICE GAZETTE" INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING MATCH AT BOSTON.—DUFUR AND FLAGG WINNERS OF FIRST AND SECOND PRIZES IN A LIVELY COLLAR-AND-ELBOW TUSSE.



CAPTURE OF THE BARBER BROTHERS.

THE DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN FIVE UNARMED IOWA FARMERS AND THE NOTORIOUS RUFFIANS THAT RESULTED IN THE ARREST AND SUBSEQUENT LYNCHING OF THE OUTLAWS.



A FATHER'S DEATH AVENGED.

THE SHOOTING OF NICHOLAS LYMAN DUKES, THE MURDERER OF CAPTAIN A. C. NUTT, BY YOUNG JAMES NUTT, AT UNIONTOWN PA.,
JUNE 13, 1883.



THE GREAT TROY RIOT.

SHOOTING OF HUTCHINSON, WINESTON AND IMESON ON CONGRESS STREET. NO. 1—CHIEF QUIGLEY OF TROY. NO. 2—WILLIAM HUTCHINSON.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE PRIZE RING.

Dark and Bloody Days of Pugilism in Gotham.

Personal Wrangles That Led Up to the Terrible Murder of Bill Poole by Hired Assassins.

The jealousy Hyer had aroused among certain desperate factions by his success in the ring made New York, by day or night, a regular battle ground. One evening Hyer was in Dick Platt's saloon, which was in the basement under Wallack's theatre (afterward the Old Broadway theatre). Lew Baker, one of the Morrissey gang, entered and decided to kill Hyer. He discharged a revolver at the champion pugilist, when the latter wrenched it from him and beat him severely. From that day Baker swore he would settle Hyer, Poole and the whole gang. In February, 1883, there were many feuds among fighting men. Johnny Lyng or Ling having undertaken to act as a counterbalance to Bill Poole, aggravated Tom Hyer into a personal encounter, and "the war of the roses" (or at least the houses) raged more fiercely than ever. A deadly animosity took the place of sporting banter, and weapons began to take the place of fist argument.

On Feb. 24, 1883, a cowardly murder resulted from the rivalry between the partisans of Hyer and Morrissey. Bill Poole entered Stanwix Hall, corner Broadway and Howard street, New York. His deadly enemy, Morrissey, was unknown to him, in the next room drinking wine and hobnobbing with Sam Snydam and a few of that gentleman's friends. Mr. Snydam perceived, through an aperture in the door, that Poole had entered, and endeavored by singing and conversation to divert Morrissey's attention from Mr. Poole, well knowing that a collision between the two enemies would be attended with most disastrous results. For a time he succeeded; but at length Morrissey became aware of the presence of Mr. Poole in the outer room, and despite the remonstrances of mutual friends, went out to where he was. As he entered the barroom he addressed Poole with a torrent of abuse.

Poole did not deign a reply. Morrissey continued to use the most insulting language at his command, and finally applied to him the degrading epithet of "coward."

Up to this time, Mr. Poole contented himself by simply putting his finger to the side of his nose, and complacently saying, "You have tasted me once, and did not like me;" but when the odious term "coward" was applied to him he sprang forward and joined in the chin music. Morrissey declared Poole had not the courage to fight him with pistols. Thereupon Poole springing toward him, said: "Draw!" at the same time pulling out his own revolver, and bringing it down to a level with the body of his antagonist.

Jim Irwin then jumped before Morrissey, and shouted to Mr. Poole, "he ain't got any weapon, Poole, don't fire!" upon which Poole coolly put up his pistol, and returned to his former position.

Morrissey was unable to control his tongue, but kept heaping upon Poole every vile epithet at his command. Morrissey's friends got around him, and some endeavored to stop him, but this was no difficult task, as he did not make any very desperate effort to break through them to get at Poole, although he "talked the biggest kind of light." None of Morrissey's friends being able or willing to furnish him with a pistol, he sent John Hyer to obtain one for him.

As Morrissey's tongue kept up an incessant torrent of abuse, Poole grew quite angry, and said, "Oh, shut up."

Mark (better known as Toppy) McGuire then stepped up to Poole and tried to make peace, and said, "I consider myself as good a man as you are."

Poole asked, "In what way?"

McGuire retorted, "In any way."

Poole asked him if he would fight, and the other said he would on "equal terms."

A carving knife lay upon the counter; Poole pointed to it, saying, "Take that and I will get another."

McGuire eyed it dubiously for a few seconds, and then said, "Poole, I own I was wrong; I don't want to fight you, for I always liked you because you were so good a friend to my brother," and so this wrangle terminated.

At this moment Hyer entered the room, and Morrissey, who had been blathering away all this time, now made a rush at Poole. By the way, the telegraph must have been rapidly worked, for the room was soon crowded with Morrissey's friends. As Morrissey came toward Poole, he had a pistol in his hand, and said, "Now, draw."

Jim Irving and Rue were on each side of him, and as Poole stood with folded arms, looking him coolly in the face, Morrissey snapped his pistol at him twice; the caps did not explode, and Jim Irving and Mr. Rue rushed in front of their protegee to shield him from harm. Probably his desperate demeanor deterred them from doing so before he had attempted to discharge his weapon, and failed. Morrissey again snapped his pistol at Poole, with no better result than before. Poole did not draw his weapon during this exciting time, and when some one called to him to shoot, "No," said Poole, "if I fire I may shoot some innocent man."

At this juncture the police arrived and Morrissey was taken from the place and the gang scattered, but Poole remained. About an hour later Paugene, Lew Baker, Johnny Lyng, Jack Hyer and Jim Turner returned to Stanwix Hall, and after entering locked the door on finding Poole was inside.

Poole, who was standing near the bar with Messrs. Andrews, Campbell and others, politely saluted Turner and invited him to drink. The latter declined, and Paugene addressed Poole with, "What are you looking at, you black muzzled —?" There's the American fighting man that whipped all Carolina; that licked Morrissey—look at him, the American fighting boy. You're the only man on top of earth that I want to fight. Why don't you fight me?" Poole made no reply, but simply stood with his hands partially in his pockets, and looking carelessly at him. Paugene continued to abuse him at a fearful rate, and Poole, with a forbearance common to all brave men, took no notice of him. Paugene demanded if he would go into the yard and fight, and the reply was, "I will not soil my hands by touching so worthless a fellow." Paugene still kept up a torrent of abuse and began to strike at him, and Poole was becoming a little warmed up, but carelessly parried his blows, when Turner, stepping up to him, took him by the elbow in an apparently friendly way and said: "Mr. Poole, you must not notice what he says, for he has been drinking." Upon which Mr. Poole replied, "Very

well, I am satisfied." At this moment Paugene reached over Turner's shoulder, and catching Mr. Poole by the collar of his coat, said, "Now fight me," at the same time spitting into his face three times. Poole replied, "That's fine, ain't it?" and jumping out in the room said, "I'll bet \$500; \$100 forfeit, that I can whip any man in this room;" and at the same time put five \$20 gold pieces into Mr. Dean's hands. Paugene asked Turner if he had \$100, and he replied "no;" and Turner addressed the same question to Baker, who returned a similar answer. Thereupon, Turner threw off his cloak, and drawing a huge revolver from his belt, and bringing it down into the hollow of his arm, shouted, "let's sail in, any way," and the whole party made a rush toward Poole. Paugene was then in a line, between Turner and Poole, and in waiting for him to step out of the way Turner lowered his pistol so that the muzzle rested against his own arm. Paugene drew back, and Poole threw up his arms, exclaiming, "For God's sake, you don't mean to murder me?" At this moment Turner's pistol was discharged, and he fell upon the floor, howling and writhing in his agony, his ball having shattered his own arm; as he fell, or immediately thereafter, he again discharged his weapon, and this time his ball struck Poole in the right leg, just above the knee, causing him to stagger and fall. Baker, who had fired at him without effect, then rushed upon Poole, saying: "Now I'll finish you." He then knelt down upon Poole, who grappled with him, and endeavored to wrench his pistol from his hands. In this he was not successful. Baker thrust his weapon against his breast and fired, fatally wounding Poole. Charles Lozier rushed to the assistance of his brother-in-law, when Paugene shot him in the thigh, and again in the head. Pistols were now fired in all directions. Turner, who lay upon the floor in mortal agony, screaming and cursing with pain, kept firing in the direction of Poole, putting one ball into Baker's head, and another into his groin. Paugene got a bullet through his hand, and then the gang of assassins, afraid of a visit from the police, precipitately withdrew from this pandemonium. They halted for a moment at the door to fire a few more shots in the direction of Poole, who was lying upon the floor mortally wounded. A few more shots are heard in the street and a carriage rolls away with the midnight murderers in less time than we have taken to narrate it.

Poole slowly raised himself to his feet, and steadying himself against a door, said to Mr. Shay, who ran to his assistance, "Cy, I am dying," and immediately fainted away. Physicians were sent for at once, and Poole was laid upon the counter bleeding profusely from his wounds. Drs. Putnam and Chessman were speedily in attendance, and did all they could, but Poole died twelve days after the affray. Lew Baker, who it was alleged shot Poole, escaped to the Canary Islands and was pursued and brought back by the clipper ship Grapshot. None of the parties were punished, as there was no clear evidence against them. At Poole's death bed Tom Hyer was present, and the great pugilist stood by the coffin and wept like a child. Hyer was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In reply to inquiries made by an interviewing representative of the *Baltimore American*, whether Richard K. Fox had given up trying to find a pugilist to meet Sullivan, Mr. Fox said: "I have sent to England for another man to fight Sullivan. He will be sent here by Mr. George W. Atkinson, the editor of the *London Sporting Life*, whom I consider the best authority abroad. I am not at liberty to give you his name; but I can say that he is 23 years old; that his fighting weight is 160 pounds, and that he has a first-class record. I consider that in physique he is a better man than Tug Wilson or Mitchell, and that he is able to meet Sullivan. I propose to back him for \$5,000 or \$10,000 dollars to fight any man in America, the preference, of course, being given to Sullivan. We want to have the match not short of three months or outside of four months after the arrival of my man. If Sullivan refuses to accept the challenge, my man will claim the American championship."

The pugilist that Richard K. Fox is importing will create quite a breeze in prize ring circles on his arrival here. What with Madden's champion Mitchell, Mace's stiffun "No. 2," and Herbert A. Slade, all eager to battle, prize ring matters will be very lively. The pugilist who will represent the *POLICE GAZETTE* will not be very anxious for glove contests, but will want to fight anybody with the bare knuckles.

Mace and Slade are still giving exhibitions in England and doing a fair business, but the prices of admission will not allow them to make any large profits.

Jack Turner, the noted exponent of the manly art, is going to open the "Police Gazette" Shades at Rochester, N. Y. Turner has a large school of pupils and is doing well.

Arthur Chambers' Champion Rest sporting house, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, was packed on the night of Harry Gilmour's benefit.

Sporting men in Philadelphia claim that the last invention of Sam Collyer, the pugilist, will bring him a fortune.

No match has yet been arranged between Jack Burley and Tom Bacon, the Butte City pugs.

Fuller says if none of the pugilists will fight him for the lightweight championship and \$1,000 he shall withdraw his money from the *POLICE GAZETTE*.

In regard to a recent report of the glove contest between the Marquis of Beresford and Jem Mace, Billy Edwards says: "Mace is the greatest man who has stood in the English prize ring in 300 years. If Lord Beresford had whipped him, Lord Beresford would be the greatest prize fighter who ever lived. For the lord to defeat Mace would be like an amateur actor surpassing McCullough in 'Virginia,' or surpassing Booth in 'Hamlet.' Mace is poor. The fact is, I suppose, that Mace got \$100 from Lord Beresford for letting the latter knock him out. I expect Mace will go around England now, being knocked out by lords. It will be more profitable than public exhibitions. He will borrow 100 guineas from a lord, to be paid back when the Washington monument is completed, or Keely's motor is in working order. The lord will then invite his friends to see him knock Mace out. Mace will be battered around and stagger and fall all over the ring in the most helpless way. The lord will acquire a reputation for pluck, and Mace will grow rich on his own defeats. I could let a man knock me out in such a way that he would never know but that he had really done so. He should never spar with another boxer."

It is reported that the overseers of Harvard University, now that they have decided not to make their eminent fellow citizen, Governor Butler, a Doctor of Laws, are puzzled to find some other distinguished gentleman on whom to confer the honor. If they desire

to reward the hero of a hundred fights, a man who has never been known to turn his back on a foe, one who has never lost a battle, why not take Mr. J. L. Sullivan? During the last two or three years he has won almost imperishable renown for himself and the Old Bay State. He lays away over cock-eye Ben as a hero.

From James Allen, ex middleweight champion of America, and at present boxing master and instructor of the Cheyenne athletic association, it is learned that a boxing exhibition will be held at Fargo at an early date, at which entries from all points in Dakota will be made. The prizes to be contested for are an elegant silver belt, engraved in gold, and a silver goblet; the former valued at \$150 and the latter at \$100. Marquis of Queensberry rules are to govern the contest, and soft gloves will be used. The belt will be competed for by heavy and the goblet by middle weights, but neither become the property of any contestant unless he is the winner of three successive contests.

Bob Farrell, one of the late Sullivan combination, was recently billed for a benefit at Peck's Opera House, New Haven, Conn. Sullivan had promised Farrell that he would appear, and large posters filled the saloons and sporting houses in the City of Elms announcing that Sullivan would appear. Over 1,000 persons waited outside and would not pay until they knew the champion would appear. Sullivan was "enjoying" himself at the Hub, and did not visit New Haven, and much disappointment was angrily expressed at the failure of Sullivan to appear. The result was the house was only half filled. The other attractions seemed tame. Some very fair sparring between Prof. John Cass, of New York, and Florrie Barnett, middleweight champion of England, Dan Dougherty, of New York, and John Walsh, of England, and Mike Murray and John Saunders, of New York. Peter McCoy, of New York, was matched with Prof. Dav, of New York, and Fiddler Neary, of New York, with James Murray, of Providence. Bob Farrell and Young English concluded. It was announced that Sullivan had telegraphed Manager Peck the day previous that he would be present, and as the curtain went down hisses were given by almost every one in the house.

We clip the following from an Eastern exchange: "John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, refused to fill the position of referee at the international wrestling tournament promoted by Richard K. Fox for \$1,000 in prizes and the *POLICE GAZETTE* trophy."

This information is news to us. We never requested John L. Sullivan to fill the position of referee, and had no idea of his doing so. What interest would it be to the *POLICE GAZETTE* wrestling tournament for the champion to be referee. Besides, Sullivan never stood referee for a wrestling match, and it is no sure thing that he is competent to fill that important position. If it was a prize fight the champion might be able to officiate. Neither Richard K. Fox nor his representative, who had the management of the affair, ever asked nor had any intention of Sullivan being the referee.

Charles E. Davis, the noted sporting man of Chicago, Ill., has been eagerly trying to arrange a boxing match between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan. The champion refused to have anything to do with the pugilist the *POLICE GAZETTE* matched to fight him, and it is not probable that the two rivals who fought for \$5,000 and the championship at Mississippi City, Feb. 7, 1882, will meet. We suppose that Ryan will feel chagrined over Sullivan's refusal to assist him in drawing a big house, and it would not surprise us if Ryan challenged Sullivan to again fight him for the championship which he held before Sullivan defeated him. In regard to the affair Chas. E. Davis on June 8, 1883, published the following card: "I notice an interview with Mr. Frank Moran, who states, in reference to the glove match between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan, that Ryan does not mean business and is only 'bluffing.' In behalf of Paddy Ryan, whom I represent, I beg to state that Mr. Ryan does mean business, and when I approached Mr. Sullivan on the subject he referred me to Mr. Al Smith of New York as his business manager to arrange as to the details. I leave for New York for that purpose to-day."

On June 11 the sporting editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE* met the last sensation in prize ring circles, Patsy O'Donnell, who wants Richard K. Fox to match him to fight Sullivan. O'Donnell was found at Patsy Sheppard's new sporting house on Harrison avenue, Boston, opposite the Boston hotel. After being introduced the Canadian Hercules, O'Donnell, said:

"Is Richard K. Fox arrived?"

"He was informed that Mr. Fox was expected."

"I am glad of it," said O'Donnell, "because I want to talk business to the gentleman."

"What might be your business?" said the *POLICE GAZETTE* representative.

"I want Richard K. Fox to back me to fight Sullivan. I came to Boston to spend my vacation and to enter the wrestling match, but before leaving Canada many of my friends asked me to put on the gloves with Sullivan, and this I want to do. I want to meet Mr. Sullivan on his own proposition, as I am anxious to spar with him four rounds to see if he can knock me out. I have money to say he can't. I am but 23 years of age, have never fought in a prize ring, but have had many glove contests, and have not been bested yet, and don't think I shall be. I wish it understood, however, that I am not and never will be a pugilist, but if Sullivan will practice what he preaches he has a chance to go for me."

Mr. O'Donnell is boss of a quarry at Ottawa, Canada, his native place, is six feet in height, weighs 240 pounds and will trim down to 220 pounds. His biceps measure 18 inches; thigh, 26½ inches, and calf of leg 18 inches. A finer specimen of manhood it would be hard to find, each muscle being as hard as iron, and his quick movements show that he is no amateur in athletic sports.

TEXAS POKER PARTIES.

The Too Moral Faction Go For the Boys and Get Left After All.

From Austin, Texas, comes a letter dated June 4, which says among other gossip that the Grand Jury, on June 1, indicted forty or fifty poker-playing members of the Legislature for gambling. This made a lively stir among the statesmen who were included in the haul, but their faces were wreathed in smiles on the 4th instant when it was learned that during Saturday night, the 2d, some one had entered the county clerk's office and stolen all the indictments returned by the Grand Jury, including those against the members of the Legislature. There is great rejoicing among the sporting fraternity in consequence, and of course there is no clew to the thief, for no one is going to be mean enough to give him away. They don't raise informers in Texas.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

On Tuesday evening May 29, a riot of good sized proportions took place at a church meeting held in the M. E. church in South Delaware, Ohio. One woman was knocked down by another, and it was found necessary to call in the police to restore order. The belligerent parties appeared before the mayor next morning, and after a severe reprimand were discharged.

At Franklin, Neb., several weeks since, Augustus Byerde, a Methodist minister, corrected his daughter, Marie, aged 16, for some slight indiscretion, when the girl seized the first opportunity of telling how she had seen her father hugging and kissing a pretty widow. This coming to his ears excited his ire to such an extent that he cruelly flogged and beat her. On the night of May 30, the best citizens in the community organized a mob of 30, took the minister to a barn, stripped him naked, poured tar over his body and emptied a feather pillow on him. They then marched him to the suburbs and told him to skip.

WYANDOTTE, a large thriving town near Detroit, is all torn up by a scandal. It is the same old thing—a naughty minister. Rev. C. W. Turrell, pastor of the Methodist church at that place, is accused by five responsible young men of meeting Mrs. Mary Green, the young and good looking organist of his church, on the street, on the evening of May 28 at about 8 o'clock, and after walking some distance with her, entered the yard of the public school and disappearing behind the buildings. The young men chased around into a field in the rear, and on looking over the fence they swear they saw the pair in rather a suggestive position. Turrell, as usual, denies the story. He acknowledges that he met the lady as stated, but says she only wished to consult with him on business. This, he says further, was in regard to getting a divorce from her husband, from whom she has been separated for about four years. He says he proposed going into the school yard, where they would be free from observation; that they went in and merely sat on the back steps, and were talking when the aforesaid young men commenced yelling improper things at them, when they left and went to his house, and he sent Mrs. Turrell home with her. Turrell has had charge of the Wyandotte church for about nine months. He came to Michigan from New York, and is a lawyer and journalist as well, having at one time been connected with the *New York Tribune*. He is considered a very talented man. Mrs. Green is a young, good looking married woman with four children, separated from her husband as above stated, and has heretofore borne a spotless reputation. The church has called a meeting, and the matter will be investigated at once.

ANOTHER nice and very proper religious person has been found out. He lives in Lee, Mass.; his name is B. H. Taintor; he is a dealer in stationery, and a Sunday school superintendent. He has been for some time working a racket of which a full caste heathen would be ashamed of. He for some time kept sheet music and some other merchandise under his counter, and when young ladies called to purchase they have been invited to step around there and make their selections. By some arrangement of powerful reflecting glasses he was enabled to make some very close observations of female anatomy. He had a reflector below the counter, which with another reflector gave him a view of the person of his female customer more liberal than consistent with propriety or morality, but quite up to modern religious aspirations. The arrangement was as ingenious as it was shameless, and some of the best ladies in Lee have been the victims of this peculiar stratagem. The plan however, was generally worked upon young girls. The thing has been going on for some time, it appears without suspicion, until recently, when one lady returned to the store and examined the music a second time behind the counter, in order to make sure that her shrines were correct. She made the discovery which led to the expose. The matter from that became the theme of gossip, and finally it reached the ears of Rev. J. D. Pope, the pastor of the Baptist church, who, while he could hardly believe the story, nevertheless determined to investigate it. He went and took it in himself in the true pastoral style. The result was astounding, for, before a church meeting held the other evening, Taintor confessed his guilt and told the whole story. He was at once removed from his office as Sunday school superintendent, and expelled from the school. Taintor has been for some time prominent in Sunday school matters, and was one of the officers of a county convention of Sunday schools. He was prominent in a moral effort in Lee a few years ago. This peeping Sunday school chap was one of the kind that is too good to sell the *POLICE GAZETTE*. We never have such friends. We are as plucky in our friendship as in our enmities. We may be wicked, but there's nothing nasty or religious about us.

A TENNESSEE VENDETTA.

The Last Terrible Murder Marking Long Enmity of Two Fierce Families.

A correspondent writing us from Chattanooga, Tenn., states that on the evening of May 27, at Helenwood coal mines, on the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, a terrible double tragedy occurred, resulting in the death of a father and son at the hands of relatives by marriage. The origin of the difficulty dates back at least four years, since which time a deadly feud has existed between the families of Smith and Cecil. At that time a member of the Cecil family killed the father of the Smith boys in a quarrel. Two years ago, at another battle, the Smiths killed two of the Cecils. Since that time dire enmity has existed between the two families. On the evening of May 27, about dusk, they met again, and the meeting had a terrible result. The three Smith brothers, Luther, John and Thompson, and John Cecil and his son Riley were engaged in the deadly fusillade. The son, Riley Cecil, was killed by the first shot that was fired. The bullet entered his head, and his death was instantaneous. The father, John Cecil, bore himself bravely, and fired at least ten shots before he succumbed to the overwhelming odds against him. After a heroic struggle he was finally killed, his body being literally riddled with bullets. Telegrams were at once sent for officers, but before they arrived the Smith boys had escaped. This makes five men killed from a petty quarrel, the origin of which was a bottle of whiskey. Nice country to live in.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LIVE MEN'S JOURNAL.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. *The most daring, dashing, witty, spicy and amusing pictorial paper ever published. Out every Sunday. Price 5 cents.*

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

W. C. Newark, N. J.—Yes; there are salt water trout.
A. B. R., Quincy, Pa.—He belongs to the Democratic party.
H. S., Lockport, N. Y.—Richard K. Fox was born in Belfast, Ireland.
SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia, Pa.—New York city is in the county of New York.
S. T. B., Hat Creek P. O., W. T.—We could not entertain your proposal.
D. M., Baltimore, Md.—John Hughes' record for a six-day race has been beaten.
J. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The St. Louis Browns were not in existence in 1874.
MONTE CUNSTRO, Bennington, Vt.—At cribbage four fours and a seven count 24, not 27.
W. S., Syracuse, N. Y.—It is a matter of opinion that hardly belongs to us to decide.
S. W., Boston, Mass.—Hanlan was born in Toronto, Canada, and he is an American.
D. S., Rockford, Ill.—Tom Sayers' weight the day he fought Heenan was 161 pounds.
J. W., Hornellsville, N. Y.—A gig at policy consists of three numbers and a saddle two numbers.
G. B., Kansas City.—Mitchell stands 5 ft 8½ in in height, and in condition weighs 154 lbs.
J. H., Shawnee, Ohio.—George Seward's record for 100 yards (9½) has never been equalled.
M. W., Austin, Texas.—We will send you the "Life of John L. Sullivan" on receipt of 35 cents.
J. P., Elizabeth, Pa.—Robert Watson Boyd is the ex-champion single scull oarsman of England.
M. W., Baltimore, Md.—Heenan never fought any pugilist but Morrissey, Sayers and Tom King.
S. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—A cricket ball is made of cork shavings covered with yarn and then with leather.
W. V. M., Bald Mountain, Col.—We seldom hear of a case where it is stopped. Price by mail, \$4 per year.
W. W., Denver, Col.—John Ward, the ex-champion oarsman, is not dead. He is living at Cornwall, N. Y.
D. L., Albany, N. Y.—Dick Egan, the Troy Terror, never boxed with John L. Sullivan, and A. J. Joses.
W. G., Kansas City.—Slade and Mitchell are matched to fight with bare fists in September, near your city.
J. D. H., Richmond, Va.—John L. Sullivan only fought once in the prize ring, and that was with Paddy Ryan.
M. S., Butte City.—If you want your challenge published you will have to send on \$100 forfeit to Richard K. Fox.
D. M., Baltimore, Md.—John Hughes has won two six-day races while under the management of the POLICE GAZETTE.
J. Q., Salem, Mass.—Edward Hanlan defeated F. A. Plaisted in a match race in Canada, distance two miles, in 1878.
M. S., Boston, Mass.—Sexton, the billiard champion, was not born in Albany, N. Y. He is a native of Burlington, Vt.
J. M., Bellows Falls, N. Y.—Sam Patch's last jump was made at the Genesee Falls, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1829, when he lost his life.
S. M., Brighton, Mass.—Ten Brock, the race horse, is not dead. He is serving in the stud on Harper's farm at Midway, Ky.
S. B., New Orleans, La.—John L. Sullivan pitched for the Metropolitan baseball club in a game at the polo grounds on May 28.
J. F. M., Charleston, S. C.—We are afraid you have yet to find the man who can run 100 yards in nine seconds. We have written you.
W. S., Pawnee City.—I. Sullivan and Tug Wilson did not fight without gloves. 2. Yes. 3. Hindoo has been retired from the turf.
H. S., Trenton, N. J.—Tom Sayers died Nov. 8, 1885, of congestion of the lungs, and was buried at Highgate cemetery, London, England.
M. P., Watertown, N. Y.—Paddy Ryan is living in Chicago. A letter to the Postmaster General is the best method for your friend to follow.
W. B., Washington, D. C.—Jem Mace did show the white feather in the first fight with Bob Brettie, when he quit after fighting three rounds.
M. B., Rondout, N. Y.—L. Jim Belcher was born at Bristol, Eng., in 1781. 2. He succeeded John Johnson to the championship of England.
J. S., Brownsville, Texas.—The time made by Hanlan in his race with Kennedy at Chelsea, Mass., May 31, 1883, was 19m 4s, the fastest on record.
W. B., Peoria, Ill.—1. Wallace Ross and Hanlan are to row at Ogdensburg, N. Y. 2. Hanlan will start the favorite and very probably win. 3. No.
M. S., Tacony, Pa.—1. Joe Acton is the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world. 2. Yes; if you send on a forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE.
F. M. G., Lancaster, Pa.—There are plenty who style themselves champion instrumentalists, but we are not in a position to inform you who the real one is.
"B" COMPANY, Fort Concho, Texas.—Edward S. Stokes, whose picture appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE of May 19, is the same man who shot Jim Fisk.
M. S., Herkimer, N. Y.—Hanlan's time for three miles is 19m 4s, made May 31, 1883, in his race with Kennedy. It is claimed the course was a short one.
M. W., Utica, N. Y.—Pilot, the dog that killed Crib in the \$2,000 battle at Louisville, Ky., is not dead. He is owned by Cockney Charley, who lives in Boston.
M. G., Bridgeport, Conn.—1. Brigadier generals during the war received about \$300 per month. 2. There were about 200 in the volunteer and 13 in the regular army.
CONSTANT READER, Unionville, Mich.—The best standing jump on record is 14 ft 5½ in, made by G. W. Hamilton, using 22-lb weights, at Romeo, Mich., Oct. 3, 1879.
J. M. H., Baltimore, Md.—In the cushion carrom tournament Schaefer made the best single average, 10. Wm. Sexton made the best run, 65. Daly's biggest run was 56.
A. P. M., Hackettstown, N. J.—1. Thanks for your favorable opinion of our *Week's Doings*. 2. The only person we know of who aspired to that honor was Ed McGillichy.
H. G., New Haven, Conn.—J. H. McLaughlin defeated John McMahon in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match in harness on Dec. 14, 1878. It was only an exhibition match.
C. F. P., New York city.—Miss M. is 45 years of age. Miss C. was a full grown woman, playing a woman's roles on the stage, 20 years ago. She is between 35 and 38 years of age.
W. H., Tombstone, Arizona.—Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, intends to send a champion medal to be boxed for by the lightweight pugilists of Arizona.
Joz. Berwick, Pa.—1. We do not keep the photographs you refer to, nor do we know where they can be obtained. 2. He was not "knocked out," but Sullivan had the best of the set-to.
J. M. S., Ypsilanti.—The four-oared race between Oxford and Harvard was rowed from Putney to Mortlake, England, Aug. 27, 1880. Oxford won by one length and a half in 22m 20½s.
S. S., Scranton, Pa.—John C. Heenan never fought Joe Wor mold. 2. Send for the "Life of Heenan" to this office. It will give you more information than we have space to publish.
W. D., Lancaster, Pa.—1. Mitchell and Slade are matched to fight for \$5,000. 2. You will have to wait and see. How are we to know whether they will certainly fight, and who will win.
D. M., San Jose, Cal.—Lyons, the waterman, was champion of England. He won the title by defeating Bill Darts at Kingston on the Thames, June 27, 1769. The battle lasted 45 minutes.
R. W., Racine.—We can forward you any sporting goods you require.
2. The "Life of Edward Hanlan" is published by the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, price 35 cents by mail.
3. The "Life of Bill Poole" by mail will cost you 50 cents.

M. H. D., Tombstone, Arizona.—I. B. Joses. Tom Sayers did fight under 140 lbs. 2. Sayers, when he fought Abby Crouch, only weighed 138 lbs. 3. Aaron Jones stood 5 ft 11 in in height and weighed 168 lbs when he fought Tom Sayers the first time.

M. B. W., Richmond, Va.—1. Send for the American Athlete, published by Richard K. Fox. 2. Moderation in living, regular diet, exercise with the skipping rope, Indian clubs and dumb bells and cold water bathing combined will do great things for you.

J. W. M., Austin, Texas.—John L. Sullivan has not fought more than one prize fight without gloves. 2. Sullivan fought Paddy Ryan only according to London prize ring rules. His battles with Prof. John Donaldson and John Flood were glove contests.

M. B., Albany, N. Y.—You win. Dick Egan was never knocked out in a four round glove contest by Sullivan, simply because he refused to meet the champion. It was Jimmy Elliott that knocked out Egan in a glove contest at Irving Hall, N. Y. in 1882.

S. W. G. and R. M., Boston.—1. Peter Corcoran did hold the championship of England. 2. He was the first native of Ireland that held the title. 3. He stood 5 ft 11 in in height, and was a fine, powerful pugilist. He followed the business of coal heaver in London.

M. G., Brownsville, Texas.—Wm. Sexton is the champion of the cushion carrom game of billiards. Maurice Daly won the title in the tournament, forfeited it to Sexton by refusing to accept a challenge, and Sexton holds the trophy and will defend it against all comers.

M. S., Leadville, Col.—George Taylor, the English champion, was noted for beating all pugilists pitted against him from 1724 to 1740. He finally fought Jack Broughton and was defeated. If he had not been so ambitious in his old age, he might have died unconquered.

S. W., Louisville, Ky.—1. Ned Searles, the ex-champion, died several years ago at Sing Sing, N. Y. 2. He never jumped 14 feet in a single standing jump. His best record was 13 ft 5½ in, made in a match with A. V. Loomis for \$2,000 and the championship, at Utica, N. Y.

G. M., Havre de Grace.—1. John Hughes, the POLICE GAZETTE champion pedestrian, was born at Roscrea, Tipperary, Ireland, June 21, 1850. He came to this country in 1870. 2. Richard K. Fox will back Hughes against any man in the world to run six days for \$5,000.

J. S., Columbus, Ohio.—The first layer for the track should be coarse furnace ashes well rolled, and then put on another coating of fine screened furnace ashes from red ash coal intermixed with fine coke ashes. This well watered and rolled will make a good, fast, springy path.

BENECIA, Cleveland, Ohio.—1. John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in height, chest measurement 43½ in, waist 37 in, thigh 25 in, calf 16½ in, weight 195 lbs. 2. Jem Mace stands 5 ft 8½ in in height, chest measurement 42 in, biceps 14½ in, thigh 25½ in, calf 16 in, weight, 168 lbs.

H. P., Chicago, Ill.—1. Charley Mitchell was born in Birmingham, England; Joe Goss was born in Northampton, England, and Jem Mace was born at Swatham, near Norwich, England. 2. Regarding your second question, you will have to write to the pugilists themselves for an answer.

M. M. M., Chicago, Ill.—Tug Wilson was matched to fight the late Jimmy Elliott before he sailed to England. Richard K. Fox was finding the stakes, \$2,500, for Wilson. Five hundred dollars had been posted, which Mr. Fox lost, owing to the Englishman failing to return to this country.

C. H. H., Townville, Pa.—1. John C. Heenan was born at West Troy, N. Y., May 2, 1833. 2. Captain McGowan trotted twenty miles in harness, on a half mile track at Boston, Oct. 31, 1865, in 58m 23s. Controller trotted twenty miles to a wagon at San Francisco, Cal., April 20, 1878, in 58m. 57s.

W. G., San Jose.—1. Wm. Muldoon, the wrestler, never competed in a square wrestling match for money. 2. He was engaged on the New York police force, but resigned just in time to save himself from being retired. In his match with Prof. Wm. Miller in this city, March 23, 1880, neither gained a fall.

DONALD, Racine, Wis.—1. Batt Mullins, the English lightweight pugilist, was one time in America, and B. is wrong. 2. Mullins was brought to this country to fight Billy Edwards for the lightweight championship by Arthur Chambers, but trained off, and Chambers had to fight Edwards to prevent forfeiting.

P. G. M., Sioux City.—The fastest running time for one mile, prior to Wm. Cummings' running the distance in 4m 16½s at Preston, England, was 4m 17½s, made by Bill Lang and Bill Richards, at Manchester, England. 2. Yes; Richards is living in St. Louis. 3. He came to this country in 1869 with Bill Lang.

J. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Walter Brown, of Newburg, N. Y., did defeat Sadler in England. 2. It was not Joe Sadler, the champion, but his brother, Wm. Sadler. The race was three miles 713 yards, straightaway on the Tyne. Brown rowed the distance in 21m 30s. Sadler was rowed to a standstill and did not finish.

D. A. G., Wilmington, Del.—1. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was furnishing the stakes for "Tug" Wilson to fight the late Jimmy Elliott. Five hundred dollars was posted, which was forfeited owing to the Englishman failing to return. 2. "Tug" Wilson and John L. Sullivan were never matched to fight.

J. M. W., Jr., St. Paul.—1. Best standing high jump, 5 ft 3 in, by E. W. Johnson, Baltimore, Md., May 27, 1878. 2. Best running high jump, 6 ft 2½ in, by P. Davin, of the Dublin University, at Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, July 5, 1880. 3. Best hand lift (iron weight), 1384 lbs., by J. M. Cannon, at Cincinnati, Ohio, March 31, 1880. 4. No record of this kind of lift.

M. W., Boston.—After Maurice Daly won the cushion carrom tournament, Wm. Sexton at once challenged him to play for the trophy and championship. Maurice Vignaux also challenged him. Daly resigned the championship, and he handed over the trophy to Sexton, who now virtually holds the title, as Daly forfeits the honor by refusing to accept Sexton's challenge.

M. S., Virginia City.—Harry Maynard is not now never was the lightweight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope. 2. Arthur Chambers when he visited the Pacific Slope with Billy Edwards offered to fight Maynard for \$1,000 and give him \$500 if he would arrange the match, but Maynard refused. 3. Maynard never defeated Patsy Hogan in a prize fight. He would never fight Hogan.

W. R., Alexandria, Va.—1. Tom Hyer died in New York city, June 26, 1884. 2. John C. Heenan was married to Adah Isaacs Menken by Rev. J. S. Baldwin on April 3, 1859. He subsequently obtained a divorce in the State of Indiana. Many have denied the marriage, but Menken had both the marriage certificate and the divorce paper, and to prove a divorce there must have been proofs of a marriage.

M. B. W., Toledo, Ohio.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan did not fight for a greater stake than was ever fought for by other pugilists. The Hyer and Sullivan battle was for \$10,000, and Heenan and Tom King fought for \$10,000 a side, which is \$10,000. The stakes in the Sullivan and Hyer fight were the largest ever fought for in America, while Heenan and King fought for the largest ever fought for in England.

B. D., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Henry Kelly, the champion of England, and James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, the champion oarsman of America, rowed two single scull races for \$250 a side. 2. The first race was rowed July 4, 1866, and the distance was five miles straightaway on the river Tyne, England. Kelly won easily in 32m 45s. The second race was rowed on July 5, 1866. The distance was five miles, two and a half to a stake and turn. Kelly ran away from Hamill, turned the stake 300 yards ahead, and won as he pleased.

M. S., Baltimore, Md.—A. wins. Dan O'Leary and John Hughes did compete for the Astley. Hughes issued a challenge to run O'Leary for the trophy when he brought it from England. O'Leary refused to compete against Hughes on the ground that he was only a fourth-class pedestrian. Sir John Astley, the donor of the trophy, was notified, and he decided O'Leary must compete or give up the trophy. O'Leary agreed to do so, and the contest came off at Madison Square (then Gilmore's) garden, Sept. 5 to Oct. 5, 1878. O'Leary won, Hughes only covering 310 miles.

M. W. S., Albany, N. Y.—In the cushion carrom tournament held in New York, May, 1883, Maurice Daly won first prize, \$1,300, won five games, lost one, made 2,664 points, best average 6, 4-62, grand average 6, 248-451, best run 56. Wallace won four games, lost two, made 2,669 points, best average 5, 55-59, grand average 5, 129-512, best run 41. Schaefer won four games, lost two, made 2,794 points, best average 10, grand average 6, 238-426, best run 49. Vignaux won three games, lost three, made 2,968 points, best average 7, 59-63, grand average 6, 46-487, best run 43. Dion won three and lost three games, made 2,449 points, best average 6, 14-81, grand average 5, 99-476, best run 47. Sexton won two games, lost four, made 2,722 points, best average 6, 54-61, grand average 5, 187-507, best run 85. Carter won none, lost six, made 2,522 points, best average 6, 5-18, grand average 4, 436-524.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

LITTLE German George is a "dandy." The Potsville coal heavers at times play a very fair game. LITTLE German George lost his bet, and had to pay for the wine. LILLIE is winning fresh laurels and gaining steadily in popular favor.

RAVEY ANKON behaved real well while the Chicagoes were playing in this city. The New Yorks invariably get knocked out when they wear their white uniform. KENNEDY's girl did him up again. This time he got it on the jaw with a beer glass.

OLD HAYSTACK was a total wreck the next day after his night's racket with Little German George. The Metropolitans play ball for a few days and then rest on their laurels until the other clubs get ahead.

ORATOR SHAFER disappointed the New York people by failing to deliver an oration while playing New York. DECKER, the league official umpire, knows about as much about umpiring as a jackass does about playing the game.

SWEENEY, the new Providence pitcher, who was imported from California by Denny and Nara, is doing phenomenal work. The New Yorks are a splendid Sunday nine, probably the finest in the United States. They play one good game and six bad ones.

"DAMN, damn, damn you," said Papa Chadwick to bad Jim Mutrie, when he refused to let him pass from one ground to the other. POOR Mutrie had the heartache when the Louisville boys eclipsed the Metropolitans, knocking them out in three straight games.

REITSCHLAGER, a sad relic of a once good catcher, lost the second St. Louis-Metropolitan game by his miserable attempt at ball playing. The Detroitis bemoan the loss of their valuable second base man, who has sprained his ankle so severely that he cannot play for some time.

RADBOURNE, of Providence, has done more service, says an exchange, than any other pitcher. For sixteen games he has been in the box. The Boston people think of presenting their club with a leather medal, which the Boston Herald announces the nine are "improving their chances for."

A BASEBALL club of women has been organized at Erie, Pa., and efforts are being made in this and other cities to form female clubs to compete with them. In fourteen games Richardson, of the Buffaloes, made but four errors. The second base men of the country would do well to follow his lead. His average is .956.

The new professional nine which is to represent Newark in the Interstate association had a brilliant opening June 9, when they defeated the Metropolitans in the presence of over 2,000 spectators. JOHN EWING, a brother of Buck Ewing, of the New Yorks, has been engaged by the St. Louis club to play in the field. If he proves to be anything at all like his brother he will be an acquisition to the nine.

THE Philadelphia club were in great luck, June 6, when they pounded the Detroitis all over the field, and Ferguson was so happy that he treated Chapman to a glass of beer before he stopped to think of the price. SHAFER let off his mouth while in the right field in the last Buffalo-New York game, and it puzzled some of the spectators to know what it was, as it sounded like the cackling of a hen after she has laid an egg.

WITHOUT an exception, the Athletics of Philadelphia are the worst kicking team in the baseball arena. They discount the Clevelandis, and you can bet they have to be a bad lot of kickers to accomplish this feat. WHEN the Bostonis got knocked out, June 4, by the Clevelandis to the tune of 14 to 1, they laid their defeat to Hackett's hands being knocked out of shape, and to the poor judgment displayed by Whitney in his pitching.

THE Dayton team had some rare sport with a rural nine, who dressed themselves becomingly in red and white suits and went to town to play a match game in the presence of a Dayton audience. The poor lads had a hard time. SCORES TATNALL, of the Quickstep club of Wilmington, Delaware, showed a good, common sense by refusing to allow Manager Waitt to tamper with his official score sheet before he sent it to the secretary of the association.

THE umpiring in the Northwestern League gave such universal dissatisfaction that the association were obliged to follow the example set them by the League and American Associations, and appoint a staff of official umpires. THE Philadelphiaers are about the worst specimen of a professional baseball club to be found anywhere in this country. They sometimes play pretty good games, but their opponents always manage to play just a little bit better.

OVER \$25,000 have been cleared by the Athletics of Philadelphia, and the championship season is only in its second month. Still Simmons is not happy. Some men want the whole earth, but all Simmons wants is the money that is in it. FOR some time past there has been considerable trouble in the Toledo club, which finally culminated in bouncing Manager Volz, putting a straight jacket on McLaughlin for thirty days, and giving Burkley a chance to seek other employment.

LILLIE, who is playing in such brilliant style with the Buffaloes, was recently presented with a gold watch and chain by his numerous New Haven friends, while the Buffaloes were playing with the Yales. LILLIE originally came from an amateur New Haven club. THE Philadelphia papers have opened upon Burnham, the new umpire, and say that outside of his voice, he amounts to very little as an umpire. He is partial to the Western clubs in his decisions, and like Decker, Lane and Furlong is nothing more than a stuff.

IN Philadelphia on Decoration day 15,000 witnessed the Athletic games and 4,000 the League club games. The League will shortly ask for another arbitration committee and request the American association to turn over a percentage of its receipts.—St. Louis Republican.

THE Philadelphiais got up on their ear badly in the Athletic-St. Louis game June 11, when the Athletics were beaten by the score of 7 to 9. The crowd laid the defeat to the decisions of the umpire, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the police and ball players prevented him from being mobbed.

MEYERS, a fine amateur catcher hailing from Buffalo, is being aimed at by the Bisonis, and if the aim is true he will be bagged by the management, who need a catcher who will be able to stay with them. POLEY has been granted leave of absence on account of ill-health, and Kennedy is recuperating in a sister city.

THE finest exhibition of heavy hitting on record this season was in a game played at Grand Forks, Dakota, on Decoration Day, when the Grand Forks beat the Larimores, 54 to 0, making over 100 base hits, with a total of nearly 300, sending the Larimores home on their uppers, and laying them on the shelf for the season.

WHILE at the bat yesterday, Burns, of the Detroit nine, was struck by a pitched ball. As can be imagined, to be struck by one of Whitney's pacers is no joke, and the plucky little fellow bore the severe pain bravely. No one regretted the misfortune more than our pitcher himself.—(Boston Globe.) How delicious the taffy.

THE Philadelphia papers keep on, day after day, making excuses for the poor play of the Philadelphia club. Their stock of apologies are now pretty well exhausted, and it is a pitiable sight to behold some of their reporters in the morning after spending a restless night in contriving new excuses for the next pounding the home club gets.

THE corps of ampires has a Washington, D. C., Butler to take the place of Sommer. If he follows in the footsteps of the illustrious Massachusetts "Benjamin," he will prove himself equal to tackling the uncertainties of an umpire's brief existence, and there is not much danger, if he resembles "Old Ben," of his soon dying out of public notice.

THE baseball interest in the West is increasing instead of diminishing. At Vincennes, Ind., the gentry of the town, which includes lawyers, merchants, editors and railroad men, have taken up the national sport and have formed a first class amateur club. Similar clubs have been organized in Terre Haute, St. Louis, Evansville and other western cities.

An amusing incident at the conclusion of the Allegheny-Athletic contest, May 19, was a rain of cushions. An enterprising speculator has provided several hundred of these, which he rented at five cents apiece. Some excited individual threw his cushion into the field, and this action became contagious and in a short time the air was thick with flying cushions.—Globe-Democrat.

WALTER APPLETON was so highly elated over the success of the New Yorks when they gave the Chicagoes their first big warning on the polo ground, this city, that he offered the players \$5 a piece at the close of the game, but Manager Mutrie, with the assistance of Mr. Day, sat upon Appleton, so the boys got badly left just about the time their mouths were watering for the money.

DAN O'LEARY is up to his old tricks. He has had great luck lately with his Indianapolis team; so in order to prevent spoiling his unbroken chain of victories, June 7, when they were playing the Kenton club at Indianapolis, he had the game called on account of the rain, although the sun was shining brightly. The honest umpire was a director of the Indianapolis club.

FOUR thousand people gave up their wealth in Philadelphia to see Sullivan pitch in an exhibition game with the Athletics. He did indifferent work, and pocketed fifty per cent of the gross receipts, including grand stand, and refused to play in the game until they agreed to charge fifty cents, instead of twenty-five, their regular admission fee. There is nothing small about Sullivan.

THE Alleghenyis are shaking up their team again. Several charges of a serious nature have been preferred against leading members of their club. The "only" Nolan has been reinstated, and Peters and Baker given their walking papers. The charges of drunkenness could not be proven, as that is one of the hardest charges to prove unless the proper means are used—a stomach pump.

It is only a matter of time until they all come to it. The Philadelphiais started off as big as any club in the league with their fifty-cent tariff, but old man Time told his tale, and the club were obliged to reduce their admission fee to 25 cents in order to gain a livelihood. The old man will be around once more, the reduction then will be when he starts Manager Ferguson around with a bag and a hook to scrape rags out of the ash barrels.

LEW SIMMONS, flushed with the financial success of his club, is not the same plain everyday Lew he was in the days of his minstrel fame. A good bank account made a great change in him, and he is now troubled with that complaint vulgarly termed "big head." He buys his hat two sizes too large to accommodate the abnormal swelling of the capital, and spells Philadelphia with a little P and Simmons with a big S. Such is life in big cities.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OUR in St. Louis they have a pleasant way of inducing the Western ladies to patronize the game, by making some such announcement: "Ladies attending the ball game to-day will be furnished with souvenirs in the shape of handsome score cards and pencils." Eastern cities had better follow suit, and the management of the different clubs can shell out spare cash and vie with each other in fine attractions offered to the fair sex on days when a big crowd is wanted.

STRAINS, of the Baltimoreis, is not given to profligacy and dissipation, and every dollar of his salary that he does not actually require for expenses goes out of circulation and down in the top of his old woollen sock. In the language of some of his companions, he is "colder than a wagon-tire" on money matters. That is the kind of work that wins, and Dan will one of these fine days be clipping bond coupons, while some of those who are roasting him will be making dates on lunch routes.—Enquirer.

THE Boston Globe says: "Thanks to the liberality of the management, the representatives of the press enjoyed the elegant, new and luxurious divans at yesterday's game for the first time. No champagne, no cigars." Since the Boston management have opened their hearts to the press of that city, there is still some hope of the Metropolitan management doing something for the New York press, even though it be nothing more than to do up the beers, as even small favors will be thankfully received.

THE people in Philadelphia made such a dead set against the umpiring of Rutley in one of the Athletic-St. Louis games, that Manager Simmons was obliged to rise and announce that the decisions of the umpire must be final. The crowd were so taken aback by Simmons speaking that they shifted their criticisms on his umpiring to ridiculous comments on his uniform. Simmons is one of the most bashful men in the profession, and while he astonished himself, he was tickled to death that he had so much influence over the crowd. In fact he was so much elated that he made application for the position of "bouncer" in one of the Philadelphia variety theatres.

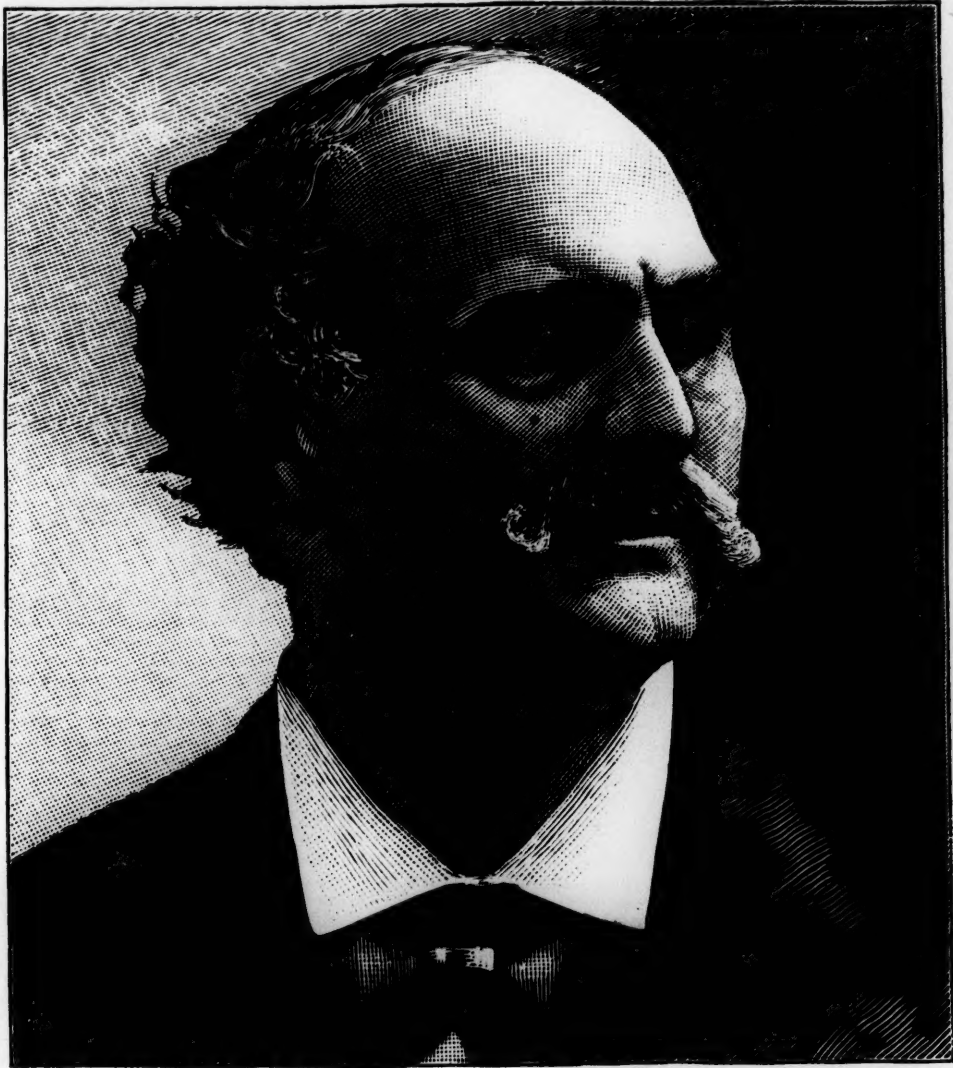
THE polo ground is about the only baseball ground in the country where they are unable, or rather unwilling, to give the members of the press the official turn-style count. They seem to prefer having the reporters over estimate the crowd. When the subject is brought up, they say, in a bland way: "Oh, that is newspaper talk; you mustn't mind that." The reporters got more satisfaction if they went to a fence post, for Murrie throws up his hands, turns his head on one side, and says: "I can't tell; I can't find out for myself; but I should judge there were about three thousand more than anybody else says there are."

JOE GERNHARDT, who is an exceedingly popular baseball player, was presented with a handsome bouquet when he appeared on the field in Washington, D. C., at an exhibition game between the Nationals and Eclipse of Louisville. Joe used to play with the Mutuals of New York when they figured on the Union Ground, Brooklyn, and he has many friends in this city. There was a very elegant gold watch and chain in store for him when he made his appearance in New York in the Eclipse-Metropolitan game, but he upset the presentation and brought himself into bad favor by making a three-base hit at a critical period of the game, and sending in two men who were on bases, which caused the defeat of the Metropolitans.

A HIGHLY interesting game was recently played in Camden between the fat and lean men of that city. They played under the names of the "Jumbos" and "Shadows," the former aggregating 2,330 pounds and the latter 1,128 pounds. The contest was witnessed by quite a large number of people and afforded more amusement than any other game this season. It was won by the thin men by a score of 32 to 31. The contestants entered thoroughly into the spirit of the event, and entered the field each man donned in a uniform of his own design, which made some of them ridiculous figures. The umpire in his own dress represented "Falstaff," and could not have fallen far short of him in weight, as he tipped the scales at 420 pounds.

A WICKED game was played in Philadelphia, June 5, in which some half dozen ball players got knocked out of time. Wood and Gooch collided while chasing a fly ball, and both were severely hurt. Trott was hit in the head by a pitched ball and knocked silly, his head not being as weather beaten as Wood's and Gooch's, who knocked their heads together hard enough to brain any ordinary man, but not sufficient to deter them from continuing the game. Weldman, however, being a Dutchman, was not able to hold out with the hard-headed Irishman, so when he got a paste in the head, he dropped to the earth and went to dreaming of sauerkraut, while they carried him off the field unconscious.

THE last day the Baltimoreis played in New York, Manager Barnie was very busy at the box office buying tickets. There was very little time to spare and he hustled his nine ahead of him to get aboard the train. They had hardly got comfortably seated before the train began to move off. At first they were much alarmed about their manager, but on looking out of the windows they beheld Barnie running up the platform, with plenty of time to catch the train. He hopped nimbly on the platform of the last car, went in and took a seat, and began wiping the perspiration from his brows, and when he had cooled off slightly he turned around to speak to one of the boys. To his horror he discovered that he was all alone. He attempted to go forward to the next car, and found himself on the platform with a fine open space between him and the rapidly receding train, where the Baltimore club were roaring frantically to their manager from the back platform. Tom Barnie dropped upon his knees and offered up a silent swear. His players followed suit, but it was of no use; the hard-hearted conductor put all the men off the train, and they had to walk to Baltimore, skipping all the large towns for fear they would be arrested as vagrants. They have not been able to play a square game since, owing to the numerous blisters on their feet.



F. C. BANGS.



ANNIE PIXLEY.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

[Photos. by Mora.]

The House of Mirrors.

A wealthy retired merchant living on Washington square has a craze for mirrors, and he has filled his house with them. He has some beautiful specimens, but his pet selections are a number of distorting mirrors that he has placed in his reception room. The old gentleman takes great delight in viewing the astonishment of his visitors when they see themselves reflected in elongated and rotund caricatures.

Slaughter of Innocents.

Another maniac mother is reported as a murderess of her own children and suicide. The case is located this time at a little town in Pennsylvania. On the morning of June 1 Mrs. Martin Douglas and her three little children—ranging in age from 6 months to 5 years—were found dead in their home at Huntsville, ten miles from Carlisle, Pa. The children were lying in bed with their throats cut, and the mother on the floor in the same room, also with her throat cut and a bloody razor lying near. Mrs. Douglas was about 28 years of age.

It is reported that several months ago Dr. Langsdorf, the family physician, cautioned the husband and the parents of Mrs. Douglas, who live near, to watch her, as she showed symptoms of insanity, and that she might commit rash acts. Notwithstanding this warning neither the husband nor the parents of the woman thought it necessary to exercise much care over her. The evening of the terrible deed her mother visited her, remaining until 9 o'clock. Up to the time she left she saw nothing in her daughter's conduct or appearance to arouse suspicion; but, noticing no one astir about the house at a late hour the next morning, the mother went to ascertain the reason for the unusual quiet, and was horrified to find the whole family butchered as described.

The generally accepted theory about the shocking affair is that the mother killed the three children while they were asleep and then cut her own throat with the same razor, and that she was

insane when she did it. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict to that effect.

Annie Pixley.

This is a self-made artiste of the new soubrette school, with an affectation of realism in her art. She can play one part—that of *M'iss*, the rough-tough girl of the mining camps as pictured by Bret Harte. She is entertaining, pretty, piquante and full of animal spirits, which go for much. She is a lady off the stage—a fact which should count for something.

F. C. Bangs.

This veteran actor, who lately achieved the greatest success of his life by marrying the heiress actress, known on the stage as Miss Agnes Leonard, has figured on the American stage among the "way back old timers." He was contemporaneous with E. L. Davenport and his

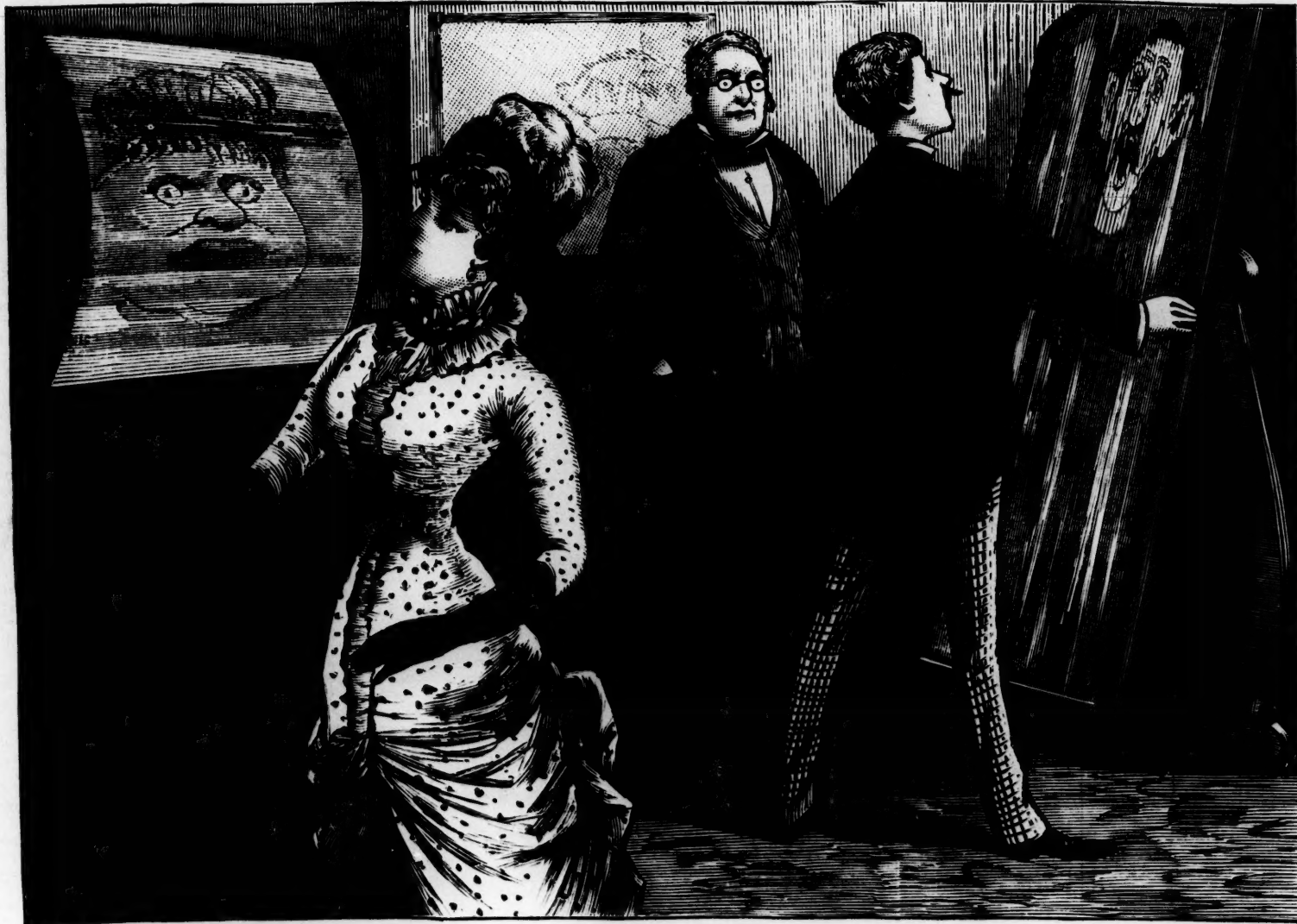
era of the stage, but appeared only in a comparatively humble capacity until within the last decade, when he came to the front as a leading man, and figured in the metropolis as a performer of the heroic parts in melodrama. He is a fair actor and a good fellow, and deserves all the success he has gained, either in the drama or in love.

A Foreign Romance.

The gossip of the American Legation in Berlin at a reception there on May 27 dealt in the following romantic story, which in some points discounts the best efforts of modern sensational novelists. This is the way it runs: About eleven years ago an American widow sent her 8-year-old daughter to Stettin to be educated in a private school for girls. She paid for two quarters in advance, and from that day on not one word was heard of the mother until this spring, when she sent to the American Consul

the passage money for her daughter's return to America. Inquiry for the young woman brought the following to light: At this same school the two little daughters of a very wealthy citizen were pupils; they became very much attached to the young foreigner and she frequently visited their home. When the two quarters that were paid for had expired there was nothing to be done, as no one knew the mother's address. The child was penniless and in a strange country. The managers of the school could not afford to keep her, and it was in this quandary that the father of the two little girls came forward and took charge of the child. He was the chief financial support of an orphan asylum or school, and here he placed her. However, he soon lost the bulk of his fortune, and the orphan school, of course, collapsed. He then placed the girl in another school, where he continued to pay all expenses, notwithstanding his reduced circumstances. Recently she completed the course of study and won first

honors. She had intended hereafter to support herself by teaching, as it was long ago taken for granted that the mother had deserted her, and would never be heard from. Then, to every one's surprise, the letter and money arrived. The young woman was overwhelmed with grief at the prospect of parting from her staunch friend and benefactor's family. The self-appointed guardian demurred. He reasoned that no right feeling mother could treat a daughter in this way without some explanation, and he decided that it was unwise to let the daughter start for America until the mother's identity was proved, which he for one doubts. He sought advice and finally wrote to the address given, inclosing a bill for 11,000 marks, the sum the young woman's education had cost him. If the woman declines to repay him, and if circumstances continue suspicious, the matter is to be dropped, as there will be no danger of her attempting to get control of the daughter under such circumstances. The young woman does not want to return to America. The guardian has not yet received a reply to his letter.



THE HOUSE OF MIRRORS.

THE STRANGE CRAZE OF A WEALTHY NEW YORKER, WHO DELIGHTS IN ODD REFLECTIONS OF HIS FRIENDS.

W. King.

The subject of this sketch was born in England, but won his greatest fame in this country. Shortly after his arrival in the United States he bet \$100 that he would break to pieces 95 bottles in 100 shots, with No. 6 shot, viz.: the hard, black sherry bottle. He shot this at Mount Pleasant, Charleston; hit and broke to pieces fairly in the air, 100 bottles in succession, shooting as described, with gun 14-bore, 1 oz. shot.

In support of Mr. King's claim to having made the best score in twelve matches, the following records are adduced:

King v. Wells—Shot at Red Bank, Philadelphia, 1851.—King shot 10 double birds, killed 20; Wells killed 20. In the shoot off at 10 double birds, each killed 19 birds, and the stakes were drawn.

King v. Cornell—Match for \$500; shot at Germantown, Philadelphia, 1855.—King shot at 15 double birds, killed 28; Cornell killed 24. Won by King.

King v. Cornell—Match for \$500; shot at Germantown, Philadelphia, 1855.—King shot at 15 double birds, killed 27; Cornell killed 23. Won by King.

King v. Cornell—Match for \$500; shot at Long Island, September, 1855.—King shot at 100 single birds, killed 94; Cornell killed 93. Won by King.

King v. B. Duncan—Match for \$5,000 a side; shot at Cincinnati, October, 1855.—King shot at 75 double birds, killed 129; Duncan killed 130. Won by Duncan.

King v. Tatham—Match for \$1,000; shot at Bloomingdale Road, N. Y., September, 1857.—King shot at 25 double and 50 single birds; King killed 97. Won by King.

February, 1858, won \$100 by killing 40 birds out of 25 double at Ward's, Coney Island, R. Robinson betting against 38.

King v. Shannon—Match for \$1,000; shot at St. Louis, 1859.—King shot at 30 double birds, killed 55; Shannon killed 45. Won by King.

Sweepstakes shot at St. Louis, April, 1859.—20 sub., \$10 each; first, second and third prizes; King shot two chances; won the first and

second prizes, killing 44 birds in succession. H. Fulson won third prize, killing 43 birds out of 44. Same sweep, next day, King took first and second prizes, killing 66 out of 68. Shannon took

third prize. King also killed 40 single birds in 40 shots, and 35 double birds in 36 double shots.

King v. Duncan—Match for \$2,000; shot at St.

father threatens prosecution unless Mott marries his daughter. Miss Hauser accuses Miss Richardson, a lieutenant in the band, of flirting with Mott.

Louis, April, 1859.—King shot at 20 double birds (40 yards rise), killed 21; Duncan (same rise), killed 20. Won by King.

King v. Duncan—Match for \$10,000 a side; shot at Louisville, June, 1859; 30 single birds. King killed all; Duncan 28 out of 30.

Great International Match; shot October, 1859, at Newmarket, Eng.; 50 single and 50 double birds—250 sovereigns a side. King killed 42 of the 50 single birds, and 87 of the 50 double birds; Freere killed 30 of the 50 single birds, and 67 of the 50 double birds.

October, 1863, at Dextus, L. I., won sweepstakes of \$50 each, shooting at 8 double birds, killing 14, against R. Robinson and H. Hartshorn, shooting at 16 single.

At Springfield, Ill., September, 1869, defeated A. H. Bogardus in match, at 10 single and 10 double birds each, killing 10 straight singles, and 19 out 20 doubles—total 29 out 30. Bogardus killed 9 single and 17 out of 20 double—total, 26.

At Dextus, near Jamaica, L. I., January, 1879, Mr. King won \$100 sweepstakes, 10 double birds, killing 19 out 20; defeated B. West and Dr. Wynn.

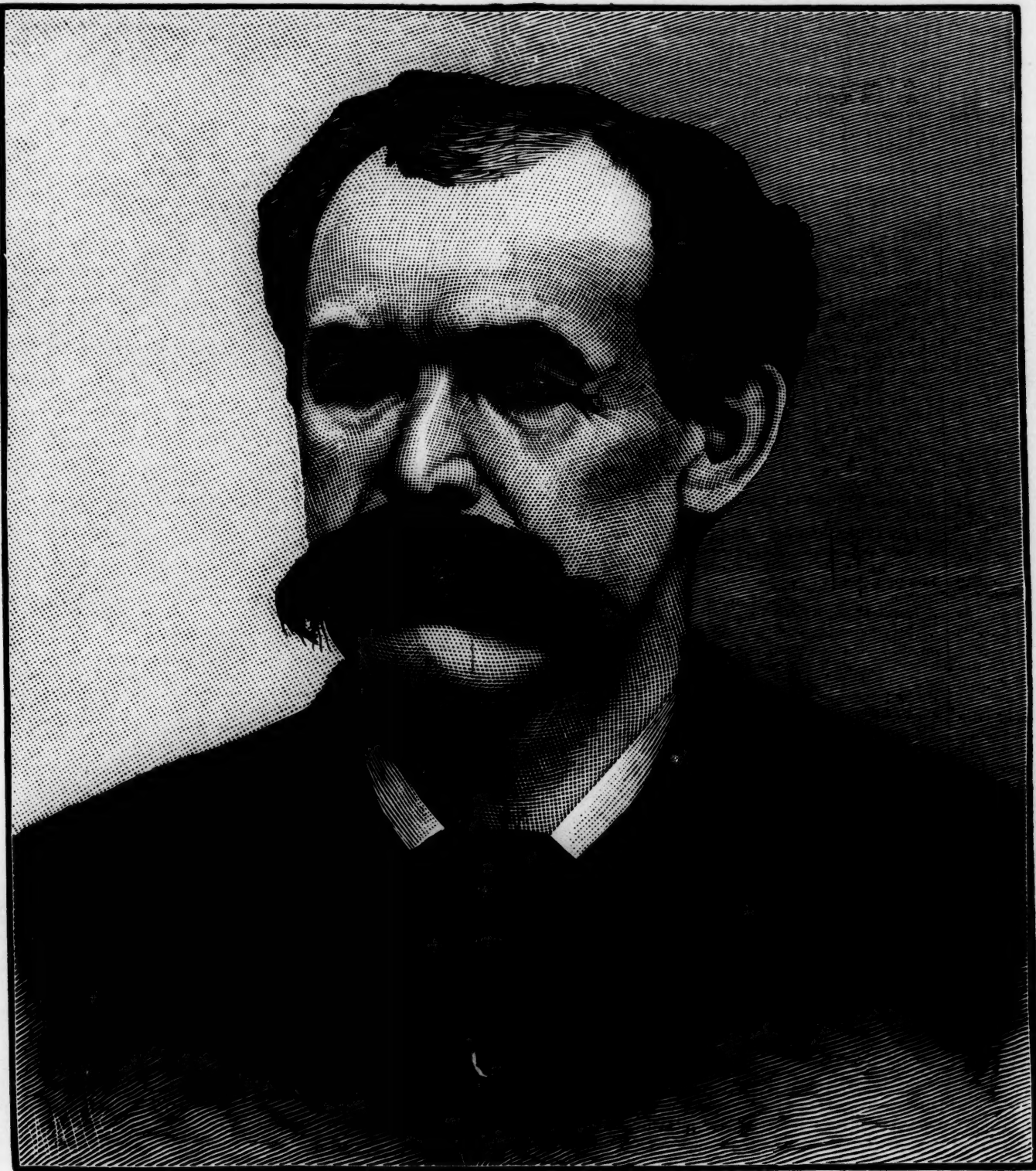
At Hiram Howe's, L. I., beat S. Reading, at 25 single birds, 25 yards rise, ground traps: King killed 23, Reading 21.

Defeated C. Dittus, same grounds, King shooting at 25 double birds, Dittus, 50 singles.

Mr. King is the manufacturer of the Sultana Chetney sauce and King's Sauce Royal, which are acknowledged to be the finest sauces in the market. Mr. King's place of business is 215 Pearl street New York.

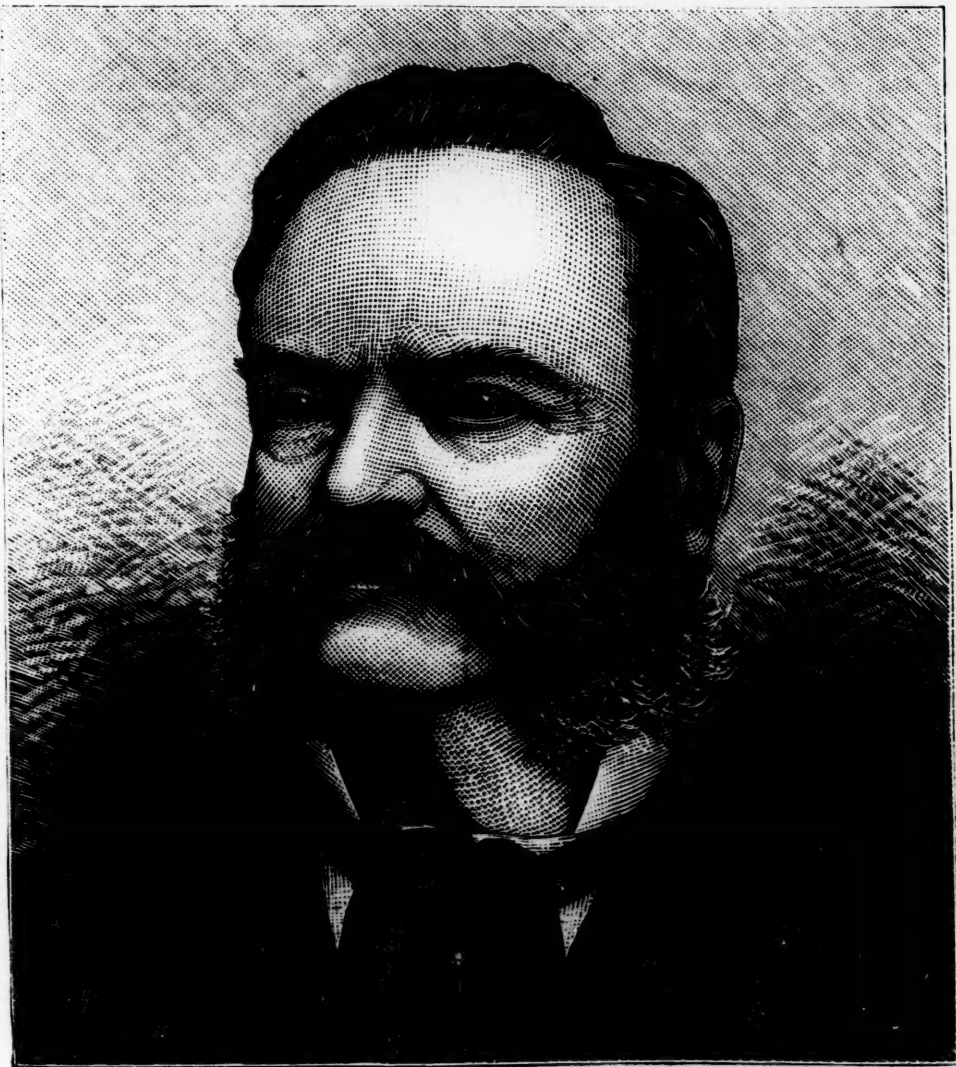
More Salvation Tactics.

Mr. Mott, a member of the Salvation Army stationed at Syracuse, is charged by Miss Louise Hauser, also a member of the army, aged 17, with seduction under promise of marriage. Mott admits the charge, but denies that he promised to marry the girl. Mott says he has a great mission to do in converting the world, and has no time to marry. The girl's



H. M. DUFUR,

WINNER OF THE CHAMPION MEDAL AT THE "POLICE GAZETTE" INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING TOURNAMENT, BOSTON, JUNE 11 AND 12.



W. KING,

THE CELEBRATED WING SHOT.



JAMES GIDDINGS,

THE NOTED BROOKLYN SPORTING MAN.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE GREAT SENSATION.

If you would keep pace with the times, and view the world as it is with all the modern improvements, including its newest phases of wickedness, don't fail to buy FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday. Price 5 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

MITCHELL and Madden are to box at Pueblo, Col., on July 2.

The next deposit in the prize fight between Mitchell and Slade will be posted on July 31.

On June 4 Wallace Ross commenced training at Portland, Maine, for his coming race with Hanlan.

On June 8, at Manchester, N. H., W. W. Montgomery defeated R. B. Thomas in a wrestling match for \$100 a side.

EDWARD BRUCKS & SON have opened a sporting saloon at No. 3 Barclay street, formerly kept by George Slosson.

HUGH BURNS, the English middleweight pugilist, arrived at this port June 10 on board the Gulon steamer "Alaska."

On June 8, at Springfield, Ohio, Dick Wright won the free-for-all race in three straight heats, with Wilson second. Best time 2:26.

EDWIN THORN won the trotting match at Scranton, Pa., June 8, for the special purse of \$1,000, beating Trinket. Fastest heat 2:23.

MONITOR won the Westchester cup at Jerome Park, N. Y., on June 7, running two miles and a quarter in 4:07. Gen. Monroe was second.

WILLIAM DONOHUE and James Feely defeated John Kingston and Edward O'Neill in a double-scull race at San Francisco, Cal., on May 27.

MIKE KEENAN, the noted sporting man, has opened Elliott's hotel, Coney Island. It will be the resort of the fancy during the summer season.

GEN. ABE BUFORD's stock farm, Bosque Bonita, in Woodford county, Ky., was sold on June 7 to Henry Gilmore, of Aberdeen, Miss., for \$31,000.

GEORGE FEARN, the long distance swimmer, has married a member of the "Salvation Army," and has concluded to permanently reside in Australia.

PATSY SHEPPARD, the retired lightweight pugilist, has left the Abbey, in Hayward place, Boston, and opened a new sporting house 71 Harrison avenue.

At a recent foot race at Sedgley, England, Daniel Cox when starting stumbled and fell against a wall, dying instantly from a broken neck and concussion of the brain.

THE Dwyer Brothers will probably be the largest turf winners for the season of 1883. They hold a lone hand, with George Kenny, Barnes, Burton, Bootjack and Miss Woodward.

HENRY A. TAYLER's steam yacht, Sphinx, and Rufus Hatch's steam yacht, Mayfield, have been matched for an ocean race for \$5,000, at Brounson's, Rochester, N. Y., on June 7.

JAMES KEENAN, the noted turfman and sporting boniface of the "Police Gazette," Shades, 95 Portland street, Boston, has a trotting wonder in Frank, who has already won several races.

THE Coney Island Stakes (run at Sheephead Bay, on June 12), for 3-year olds, one mile and a furlong, was won by Dwyer Brothers' Bootjack, with Rhea second, and Caramel third. Time 1:56.

JAMEST. HANDLEY and Joseph White wrestled for \$25 at Brockton, Mass., on June 7. Each gained a fall, but a dispute subsequently occurred over a claim of foul, and a draw was finally declared.

THE inhabitants of Newcastle, N. B., have offered a bonus of \$1,000 in case the proposed double-scull race between Hanlan and Lee and Ham and Conley is decided on the Miramichi river.

ALBERT HAM, of the Halifax rowing association, left that city on June 11 for Pullman, Ill., to take part in the regatta to be held there this month. He will only compete in the single scull race.

In the regatta at Harwich, England, on June 11, the new cutter Marjorie won the Queen's Cup. Among the competing yachts were the Miranda, Samena, Spindrift, and other crack boats.

JOHN KELLY alias "Pigshead Kelly" was held in \$1,000 bail on June 8 to answer the charge of stealing \$32 from a cash box in the pool stand of Rodman & Co., at Jerome Park, on the previous day.

BURKE, the English pugilist, who fought Charley Mitchell in England, is coming to this country to fight all comers at 140 lbs. Pete McCoy the 140-lb champion, will arrange a match with Burke on his arrival.

JAMES WAKELY, better known among the sporting element as Brooklyn Jimmy, opened an elegant new sporting saloon at 519 Sixth avenue, N. Y., on June 12. It is one of the best fitted up saloons in Gotham.

CLINGSTONE and St. Julien are matched to trot mile heats, three in five, for \$1,000 a side, and the race is to take place on July 14, at Chicago. The Driving Park association is to add \$5,000 with \$1,000 if 2:10½ is beaten.

At the St. Louis Jockey Club races, which commenced June 14, the principal race was the Missouri Derby for 3-year olds, one mile and a half, Bondholder won, with April Fool second and Tilford third. Time 2:43½.

CHARLEY NORTON, the lightweight champion pugilist, is to have a grand picnic, at which there will be boxing, wrestling, etc., at Shooting Park, South Orange avenue, Newark, N. J., on Wednesday afternoon and evening, June 20.

JAMES KEENAN, the proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Exchange, 95 Portland street, Boston, is backing Hanlan heavily to beat Wallace Ross. He says there is no truth in the report that the Hanlan and Kennedy race was crooked.

OWEN MALONEY, the right bower of the Crib club, informed the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent that any time Jim Murray is ready to meet Ed Frazier, when the Crib club opens he will raise a purse for the pugilists to fight for.

H. M. DUFUR, of Marlboro, Mass., now holds the POLICE GAZETTE championship trophy for mixed wrestling. The champion writes that he is ready to meet all comers and wrestle for the trophy according to the rules governing the same.

A MATCH has been arranged for July 19, between St. Julien and Clingstone, by the Chicago Driving Park association, the stakes being \$1,000 a side, and the association adding \$5,000, with \$1,000 additional if the best recorded time should be beaten.

A WRESTLING tournament took place on June 2 at Idaho Springs, Col. There were 32 contestants for the money prizes, with the following result: Richard Thomas, first, \$60; Frank Stevens, second, \$40; David Roach, third, \$20; Thomas Wells, fourth, \$10.

A SINGLE scull race, three miles with a turn, for \$250 a side, was rowed by George Altymer and N. Layberger, on June 9, at Braddock, Pa. Altymer won in 23m 21s. The water was rough, and in turning the buoy, Layberger's boat partly filled with water.

At Hartford, Conn., on June 8, Blair jogged Maud S. three easy heats. The first mile was made in 2:30, the second in 2:26 and the third in 2:14½. The last mile was trotted with the least exertion of any, and proves that the queen is working into splendid form.

THE Meteor boat club, of Hoboken, N. J., held their regatta June 14. F. Walters won the single-scull race and Frank Miller won the junior single-scull race. Messrs. Eumerich and Sach won the junior pairs and Messrs. Keeler and Walter won the senior pairs.

THE tidal stakes for three-year-olds, one mile, \$100 each, half forfeit, \$1,000 added, was run at the Coney Island Jockey club race meeting June 14, and was won by Dwyer Brothers' Barnes, who beat Pierre Lorillard's Imported Pizarro, the favorite, easily in 1:46½.

THE Commercial Athletic club, of Boston, an organization composed of noted sporting men, who are eager to promote boxing, have written to Richard K. Fox to present them with a POLICE GAZETTE medal to be competed for weekly at their club rooms by the lightweight pugilists.

WHILE scoring for a race at Auburn, N. Y., on June 8, the gelding driven by Eugene Root, of Syracuse, became unmanageable, and his sulky was brought to collision. The horse dashed from the track through the grounds, dragging the driver by the feet. Root's head was crushed by the horse's hoofs.

AMY HOWARD the champion lady pedestrian of the world, is open to give the winner of the female six days' race in Baltimore, Md., ten miles start in a six days and nights' go-as-you-please race for \$2,500 a side. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, is her backer, and is prepared to furnish the stakes.

POLICEMEN who desire to compete in the five-mile running race, the swimming race and regatta, arranged by Richard K. Fox for the POLICE GAZETTE champion medals, are expected to send in their names to the POLICE GAZETTE office. The first event will be the five-mile running race, which will take place in July.

At the Coney Island Jockey Club races, June 12, the Foam stakes for 2-year olds, \$25 each, \$1,000 added, second horse to receive \$400, distance five furlongs, had seventy-nine subscribers and ten starters. Dwyer Brothers' Burton won, with Withers' ch. c. second, and G. L. Lorillard's Thackeray third. Time 1:39½.

HARRY LEWIS, of Hazleton, Pa., and P. J. Cannon, of Drifton, Pa., have signed articles of agreement to run a 150-yard foot race for \$500 a side at Freeport, Pa., on July 26, and have selected Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, as final stakeholder and referee. We hold \$200 as the first deposit for the match.

IN regard to the statement published in a New York daily paper that Harry Woodson, the Black Diamond, had been beaten in a prize fight at Philadelphia by Pat Connors in six rounds, the Black Diamond called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on June 15 and stated he never fought Connors and that the fight never took place.

HOGARTH, the "Mute Wonder," called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on June 9. He is the only deaf and dumb necromancer living. His extraordinary feats of magic are beyond conception, and he challenges the world at tricks with cards. He opens in his first engagement at Bunnell's Pavilion shows at Coney Island on June 26.

H. HIGHAM, the famous long distance English bicyclist, arrived at this port on Friday, June 8, and on Sunday, 10, left for Washington, D. C., to take part in the tournament there this week. Higham, who has gained quite an enviable reputation as both a fleet and staying rider, is desirous of getting on a match with John S. Prince at a short or long distance.

ON Thursday evening, June 14, Frank Stevenson, one of the most popular sporting men of New York, had an "opening" at his new house, the "America," No. 6 Bond street, this city. The concert room, barroom and dancing hall were thronged with friends of the genial proprietor, and wine flowed as freely as water. The "America" will be a popular resort.

JOHN S. PRINCE, of Boston, won the three-mile heat race for professionals in the bicycle contest in that city, on June 12, winning two straight heats in 11m 20s and 11m 38s. In the first he defeated Higham, of England, was thrown and lost about 50 yards. Immediately after the race Higham challenged Prince to another race for \$500, to take place on the same track within a month.

WM. HAYES and Wm. M. Farrell, shot a rifle match for a purse of \$150, at Newark, N. J., on June 8. The conditions were 200 yards range, 100 shots per man. Hayes used a breech-loader and Farrell a muzzle-loader. The match created much interest among riflemen there, and considerable sums of money changed hands on the result. Hayes won. Score, 2,101 to 2,008.

At Manchester, N. H., on June 8, W. W. Montgomery and R. B. Thomas wrestled an exciting collar-and-elbow match for \$200 and the net receipts of the ticket office. Montgomery took the first bout by an inside lock, and Thomas the second by a hip lock. Montgomery was awarded the third bout on a foul, Thomas breaking his hold. Frank Ellsworth, of Cambridge, Mass., was referee.

THE St. Louis wrestling tournament commenced at Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, Mo., June 8, and was concluded on the 11th. Clarence Whistler won the first prize at Graeco-Roman, throwing Ed. Bibby, Tom Cannon, Andre Christol and C. Bixemas. Bibby won the first prize at catch-as-catch-can, throwing Whistler, Cannon and Christol. Cannon won second prize at both Graeco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can.

JOHN BESSUNGER, of New York, and Frank Twitchell, of Rochester, played a match game of billiards; the former playing 500 points to the latter's 300, for \$100. From the start Bessunger's superiority was plainly evident. Hearty applause greeted a number of his shots which were exceedingly difficult. The last point was made on a seven cushion bank shot. Following is the score: Bessunger, total 500. Twitchell, total 170.

It is only justice to Duncan C. Ross to state that he was in no way fit to wrestle in the recent

tournament. He was attacked with measles on the 10th inst., and compelled to remain in bed at the Abbey. He competed in the tournament merely because he was entered, and how he managed to win a fall was a wonder. After the first day's wrestling was over Ross had to go home in a coach and send for a physician.

MIKE DONOVAN says in reference to Charley Mitchell, that while he considers him a very good man he is ready to meet him in the ring for from \$2,000 to \$5,000 a side. He states that Billy Madden has prevented him from obtaining an interview with Mitchell. Should a match be arranged George Rooke will be Donovan's trainer. The latter will remain with his brother in Cohoes for a few days, and hopes while there to hear from Mitchell.

D. B. MCAULIFFE, of Great Barrington, Mass., will hold a grand sporting picnic at Great Barrington, on July 4. Boxers and wrestlers from all parts of the country have been engaged. Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the lightweight champions of New York, formerly with the POLICE GAZETTE combination, have been engaged, and they will no doubt attract a large audience, as they are the best two sensational sparrers in the business.

RICHARD K. FOX, with his usual liberality, and in order to encourage sport, has decided on presenting a gold medal, value \$100, to the members of the police department, for a five-mile foot race. The contest will take place early in July, and will be open to all members of the New York police force. There is a number of first class athletes in the service, and there will be great excitement over the result. The date and place where the competition is to be held will be published in our next issue.

T. H. STEVENS, owner of Farragut and other horses at the Louisville Jockey club course, was shot there on June 4 by Policeman Charles McGrath. Stevens had left the grand stand, and during his absence lost his badge. On his return the doorkeeper refused him admission. Words followed, and Stevens is said to have attempted to force his way in and McGrath intervened, where it is alleged, Stevens drew a knife. McGrath then fired, the ball striking Stevens' arm above the elbow, entering his body near the shoulder. McGrath was released on giving bonds for \$2,500.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week: George Fullames, J. W. Bunting, Toronto Mail; T. S. G. Pepler, Toronto; Joe Elemoung, Toronto; John Hughes, pedestrian; George Rooke, Mike Donovan, Hiram Home, Wm. F. McCoy, Detective John Wade, Harry Brooks, Robert Turnbull, Harry N. Herker, Capt. James C. Daly, Jim Patterson, Prof. Laflin, Joe Fowler, Harry Woodson, the Black Diamond; A. B. Sprague, pedestrian; Wm. Cummings, George D. Noremack, Gus Hill.

IN regard to the reports circulated all over the country that John L. Sullivan had brutally beaten his wife and his wife's sister, we would state that the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE called on the champion at his residence, No. 4 Lovering place, Boston, on June 14, and both Mrs. John L. Sullivan and her sister denied that there was any truth in the report. Sullivan had just left for Providence, R. I., to witness the baseball game, and if the officers had been really in search of him he could have easily been arrested. It does not seem right, merely because Sullivan is a pugilist, to start such reports—especially when they are made out of the whole cloth, as this one was.

THE second ball-line billiard match for \$1,000, between Jacob Schaefer and Maurice Vignaux, was decided at the Academy of Music, New York city, on June 12. Betting was slightly in favor of Schaefer by reason of his record in the Chicago tournament. Vignaux played a good game and won by 156 points. The score was as follows:

Schaefer—3, 5, 0, 4, 4, 4, 11, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 2, 5, 62, 0, 5, 5, 1, 42, 30, 0, 42, 1, 4, 1, 39, 9, 67, 25, 42, 1, 1, 37, 40, 80. Total, 644.

Highest run, 90; average, 17 8-9.

Vignaux—17, 0, 4, 0, 21, 6, 0, 2, 0, 3, 2, 10, 36, 0, 9, 0, 90, 2, 31, 23, 1, 14, 2, 6, 4, 16, 89, 51, 101, 4, 24, 106, 0, 3, 43, 75. Total, 800.

Highest run, 106; average, 22 2-9.

IF neither do not back out there is every indication that a prize fight will be arranged between C. A. C. Smith, of Port Huron, Mich., the colored pugilist, and Jack Stewart, the champion heavyweight of Canada. Stewart some time ago posted \$50 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and challenged Smith to fight. Hugh Reilly, of Albany, N. Y., authorized Frank Stevenson to post \$100 and accept the challenge. Since, Stewart has forwarded an additional \$50, with articles of agreement for Smith to sign. The protocol states that the fight shall be for \$1,000 a side, Queensberry rules, and shall take place six weeks from signing the agreement, half way between Port Huron, Mich., and London, Canada, and that Richard K. Fox shall be final stakeholder. The articles have been forwarded to Smith's backer, Hugh Reilly.

A PRIZE fight was decided at Clifton, Arizona Territory, on May 22. The principals were two local bruisers named Boxer Jim and Concho Joe. The stakes were \$500 a side. Boxer Jim had the advantage of height and weight in his favor, and from the commencement of the mill it was evident that Concho Joe was overmatched. The men fought in a 24-foot ring, and the battle was governed by the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Fifteen desperate rounds were contested before Concho Joe would allow the sponge to be elevated in token of his defeat. His undoubted pluck and skill as a wrestler, with no small amount of handiness with his mawleys, were insufficient to cope with the superior size and skill, as a boxer, as well as the experience of his opponent, who on at least one previous occasion had faced and beaten his man under the rules.

THE following has been sent to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication: "Understanding that Harry Morgan claims the lightweight championship of Colorado, I hereby offer to contest the same according to the rules of the London prize ring, at catch weights, for \$700 or \$1,000 a side, the fight to take place at some point within ten miles of Leadville in four weeks from this date. My money and myself can be found at Mooney's saloon, on East Sixth street, Leadville, Col. DAN HANDLEY." The following is Morgan's reply to Hanley's challenge: "In answer to Dan Hanley's challenge Morgan says that he will meet Hanley at Chris Caffery's saloon at any time and put up any amount of money; that he not only can whip him, but will let him have another man in the ring, and he will do both up, one at a time. Now, if Hanley means business, let him come to time and stop talking."

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: John Lacey, C. Dixon (2), Clarence Whistler, Tom Cannon, Charley Mitchell (2), Charles Collins, Louis R. Miller, Joe Ryan, George W. Moore, Professor McDermott, Henry Myers, Professor Hartley, E. C. Holske, Jack Ward (2), Michael Lynch, Mr. Twiss, E. T. Johnson, Steve O'Donnell, Billy Madden, S. B. Hart (pedestrian), Capt. Matthew Webb, Frank Seton, Herbert A. Slade, Jem Mace (3), Mr. Williams, Robert Donaldson, Dick Garvin, Wm. Muldoon (2), E. M.

Hackett, Frank Rose, Henry W. Taylor, E. O. Ball O. Lewis, George W. Wingate, Wm. Henderson, James Carlin, Wm. McMahon, Harry Woodson (the "Black Diamond"), Frank C. Dobson, Professor McClellan, Butler & Oakley, Frank Hart (pedestrian), Mrs. Jem Mace, Miss Alice Jennings, Miss Ida Wallace, Mlle. Von Blumen. We have also a letter addressed to the Manager of the Colored Senior Baseball Club, of New York city.

THE following letter has been forwarded to the POLICE GAZETTE office:

Richard K. Fox, Esq., New York city:
MY DEAR SIR—I have claimed the name of Richard K. Fox for my bay stallion, by Sweepstakes, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Susie, by Seely's American Star. He is just five years old, and was never put to track work until late last fall, and after six weeks training trotted a full mile on a slow ha mile track in 2:38 and repeated in 2:36½. I sent him to his trainer in the spring, and after three weeks' work he has shown a full mile in 2:30. I shall enter him in all the races I can this summer in Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania, and I am satisfied you will hear a good account of him before the snow flies. He is a beautiful bay with black points, and stands 15.3 high. I think his record quite good for a green 'un. Hoping he will turn out to be as good a horse as the gentleman he is named after is a true sportsman, I am very respectfully yours.
WM. C. MILLER.

A GOOD deal has been said with regard to John Hughes' (the POLICE GAZETTE champion long distance pedestrian, and winner of the recent six-day go-as-you-please race at Baltimore, Md.) assault on Frank Hart (the colored pedestrian), and in justice to Hughes and in order to put the public in possession of the facts, we publish a copy of a letter received from the referee:

"In order to make a satisfactory explanation to the public concerning the scuffle on the track at Kernan's Summer Garden during the champion international walk at Baltimore, Md., between John Hughes and Frank Hart (colored), I would state that the assault made upon Hart by Hughes was an aggravated one, and grew out of a concocted scheme between Noremack and Hart to down Hughes, when a vile epithet was used about Hughes by Hart. I further think that Hughes was justified in assaulting Hart as he did, which was plainly shown by the spectators in the garden, out of whom but two sided with Hart.

"GEORGE P. WRIGHT, Referee."

MRS. JOHN L. SULLIVAN, wife of the Boston pugilist, denies the reports published in the New York and Boston papers recently, in which it was stated that her husband had abused her. She said she had been married to Mr. Sullivan two years, and during that time he had been a very kind husband and had never abused her in any way. "His great misfortune," said Mrs. Sullivan, "is that he has a heart too big for his body, and is so lavish in entertaining his friends that he sometimes oversteps the bounds of prudence in his habits of sociability and is then a little morose and surly. He has never scolded nor abused me in any way, and I think it is outrageous to publish the stories I have seen in some of the New York and Boston papers. This is not the first time he has been assailed by means of false reports, and I can account for it only on the theory that he has offended some one who adopts this method of retaliation. I certainly do not look like a person who was shockingly beaten a few days ago, and my husband does not act like a man who has run away, as he is now at home and has been there since Monday.

JEM MACE, writing from Liverpool, England, under date of May 27, says that on the last night of his stay in Leeds, "Slade had his first English trial horse, a thick set, tidy boxer, named Molloy, but the New Zealander was master from beginning to end. Mace and Slade sparred in several of the Yorkshire towns, and in Sheffield drew a great crowd, but I shall be pleased when June 30 comes and I am on board the Wyoming coming back. Slade has lost 21 pounds." Mace continues: "I have seen the principal sparrers here and am really thunderstruck to see such exhibitions. There is not one here, that I could not do in a trot myself—at my age, too." In conclusion Mace says: "When I arrive I will try and arrange two events, one for Slade to spar Sullivan and the other for me to spar Mitchell, and you will see what the little man can do with the old master of the scientific game of boxing. I am looking for the best man here to bring him with me, and for that purpose will have an exhibition in London, as the swells have asked me, and will give a belt to the winner and \$50 to the second best. I shall bring Burke over with me in any case, the man who fought a draw with Mitchell.

A FEW days ago Richard K. Fox announced that he intended offering a POLICE GAZETTE medal for the members of the police department of New York for a swimming match for the championship, and the contest is to be decided in August over a two-mile course on the Harlem river. Since, a number of oarsmen belonging to the police force have waited on Mr. Fox, and requested him to offer a championship medal to represent the single scull championship of the police department of New York. In order to promote rowing and physical culture among the New York police, Mr. Fox has, therefore, decided to give medals for a POLICE GAZETTE regatta open to all members of the police departments of the prominent cities of the United States. The regatta will be held on the Harlem river, between Aug. 12 and 25. The following is the programme:

First Race—Two miles; 17 foot working boat race for members of the police department who never rowed a public race. First prize, POLICE GAZETTE champion gold medal.

Second Race—Two miles; single scull race, open to all members of the police departments in the United States, for the championship of the police departments of the United States. First prize, POLICE GAZETTE champion medal; second prize, silver medal.

Third Race—Double scull working boat race, two miles, for a POLICE GAZETTE medal for each of the winning crew. The regatta will be held over the course of the Harlem regatta association, and the starting point will be from the railroad bridge to Highbridge and return. Entries for the regatta must be forwarded to the POLICE GAZETTE office before August 7, when they close. The date fixed for the regatta will give the oarsmen belonging to the police departments all over the country ample time to prepare.

Richard K. Fox ordered the medals June 9, and the trophies will be well worth competing for. The winner of the open-to-all POLICE GAZETTE trophy will be compelled to hold it against all comers for six months. Nearly all the police departments, especially New York and Boston, boast of a number of oarsmen who will compete for the trophy. The regatta will be under the management of the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who will appoint the judges and referee, and Richard K. Fox will award the prizes.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None genuine without it.

HARRY WOODSON, the Black Diamond, returned to New York on June 14 to box C. A. C. Smith at Harry Hill's. Smith had offered any pugilist \$100 that would box him four three-minute rounds without being stopped or knocked out. Smith did not appear, but sent an excuse that his wife was dying. The sports were greatly disappointed, and there was no exhibition.

KENNEDY, the oarsman, who was recently defeated by Hanlan, says he may give the latter another chance to down him in the fall. Kennedy's backers are in nowise discouraged at the result of the late race, and are willing to back him for another any time. It is not among the improbabilities that another race between these two scullers will be arranged to take place on the Potomac before the year is out.

The annual fourth of July regatta at Boston promises to be a grand affair. It is not to be expected any of the crack scullers will compete because the purses are too small. The annual regatta at Boston has been a fixture for a number of years, and if the managers would only be more liberal and offer larger purses for the single scull race they would have Hanlan, Ross and all the first oarsmen in the lists. It cannot be expected champions will compete for \$150 when it costs them half that amount for their expenses.

The racing at Covington, Ky., on June 11, was very interesting. The fields, with one exception, were large. The opening event, a dash of one mile and three furlongs, had only two starters, and was won by Ballast, in 2:47, beating the three-year-old St. Martin colt. The Harold stakes, for two-year-olds, five furlongs, was won by Gen. Harding in 1:08, with Ascalon second and Eva S. third. Eight three-year-old fillies started for the Gildella stakes, one and one-quarter miles. This was won by Rena B. in 2:29, Billetta second and Jennie Blue third. The fourth race was a handicap of one mile, and was won by Freedom in 1:51, Taxgatherer second. An extra race of three-quarters of a mile was added to the programme. Slocum won, with Charles Lucas second and Barney Aaron third. Time, 1:24.

THE LITTLE HAVANA LOTTERY

(Gould & Co.), which has been rapidly growing in favor with the many New England people who invest in speculations of this character, has made glad the hearts of two well known Boston business men the past week, they having purchased the ticket which drew the capital prize in the drawing of May 23, amounting to \$9,000, the investment costing them but two dollars. The prize has been promptly paid by the Adams Express Co., who collected the money for the fortunate ticket holders.—*Water-town Enterprise, Mass., June 8, 1883.*

RAILROAD MEN AND TELEGRAPH OPERATORS. No more honest and hard working class of people than these, yet they are generally poorly paid. They had a great chance to secure a fortune by purchasing a ticket which costs only \$2 (27 tickets were only \$50; 55 tickets, \$100) in the Commonwealth Distribution Co.'s Grand Drawing, which was held at Louisville, Ky., May 31, 1883. Grand capital prize of \$30,000; grand prize of \$10,000; 1 prize of \$5,000; 1,960 prizes, amounting to \$112,400. Address R. M. BOARDMAN, Louisville, Ky.

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Cleats out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. Fifteen cents. Druggists.

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PRYMA, SEPTILEMIA, SCHOPULA and other forms of blood poisoning, resulting in glandular swellings, ulcerous patches in the throat and mouth, abscesses, carbuncles, tumors, ulcers, sores, and skin eruptions, are speedily neutralized and expelled by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, while the skin is cleansed of all disfiguring humors by the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures. CUTICURA RESOLVENT absolutely destroys disease germs, which float in the blood, urine and perspiration—there is no doubt about it—and expels them through the bowels, kidneys and pores of the skin.

Greatest on Earth. Cuticura Remedies are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case salt-rheum in this country. My mother had it 20 years, and, in fact, died from it. I believe Cuticura would have saved her life. My arms, breast and neck were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. J. W. ADAMS, NEWARK, O.

Best Blood Purifier. I have used your CUTICURA remedies in several cases of Eczema, Moist and Dry Tetters, and cured them all. Your CUTICURA RESOLVENT, so far as my supply allows me to test it, has, in my hands, exceeded in efficacy and efficiency any alternative compound (blood purifier) I have ever made use of in an active practice of 30 years' duration. E. N. ECKER, M. D. JACKSONVILLE, PA.

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A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. WILLIAM DOWNES, of Uxbridge, Mass., writes on March 15, 1883, as follows:

"During the past three years I have been a great sufferer from a complication of diseases which baffled the skill of the most experienced doctors, as I could not obtain permanent relief by their treatment and prescriptions; and I have also tried many so-called cures in the medicine line, but could get no relief. The pains, aches and weakness increased so rapidly and constantly that I was so reduced in strength as to be unable to leave the bed, and the doctors informed me that there was no hope of a recovery. In this exhausted and discouraged condition a dear friend persuaded me to use Hunt's Remedy, and after taking it only three days I commenced to get better, and to my great joy and delight I have continued to improve constantly by its use, until now, after having taken the remedy only a few weeks, I am able to be about my house again, and am now doing my housework. My lame back is cured, the severe pains have disappeared, and I am now in better health than for many years, and I beg this privilege of gladly recommending Hunt's Remedy to all who are affected with any disease of the kidneys or liver; and I also highly recommend it for the attacks of sick headache. My husband also has experienced a very great benefit to his health by the use of this most valuable medicine, Hunt's Remedy."

"OUR FLAG IS STILL THERE."

Mr. S. B. LONGFELLOW, Augusta, Me., east side river, writes us under date of April 15, 1883:

"To whom it may concern: This may certify that two years ago I was very badly afflicted with kidney and urinary difficulties, which extended through the system and laid me up for weeks, so that I could do no work. I had the most skillful physician in town, who gave me no assistance. Hearing of Hunt's Remedy I got a bottle, and half of it cured me entirely, so that I have been well ever since. The other half I gave to a neighbor who was afflicted much as I was, and it restored him to health. I can truly say Hunt's Remedy has been of great and inexpressible worth to me."

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Captain James C. Daly, the Irish Champion Athlete, "Police Gazette" Sporting Hall, 235 Avenue A, between 18th and 19th streets. Boxing and wrestling every night by champions of the arena. Daly is always ready and on hand to box and wrestle all comers.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pic-tures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 208 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are, all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

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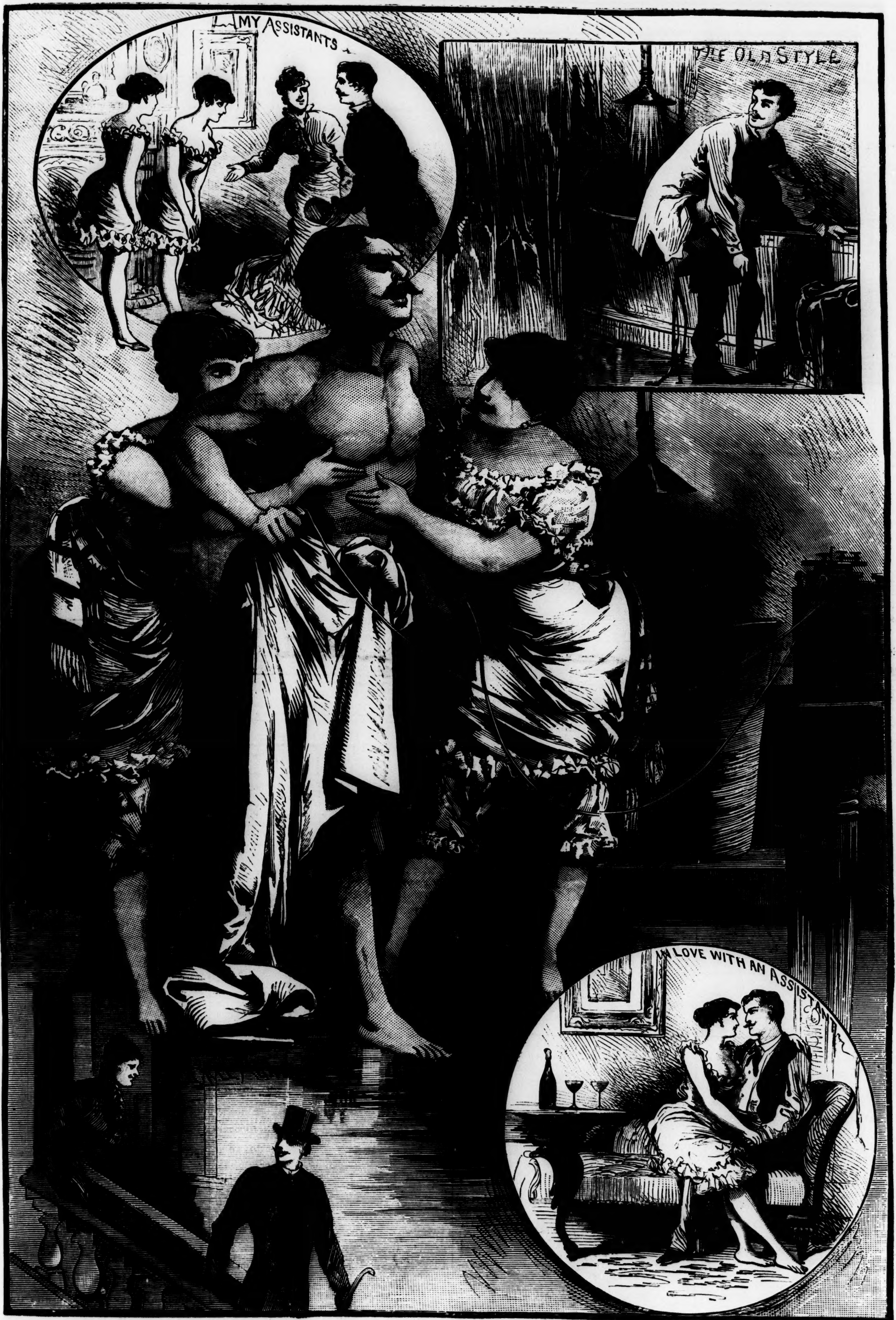
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